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W O M E N ' S W E E K L Y



LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

18 FEB 1942

Let's talk of
INTERESTING
PEOPLE

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Pte. D. Gilroy with the N.Z.E.F. in Egypt to Mrs. I. Arthur, 185 Brisbane St., Dubbo, N.S.W.:

I HAD been a prisoner of war in Greece, and after three months of the Huns' 'gentle' care in Salonika had had enough.

We were in a square block of buildings surrounded by a barbed-wire fence 12 feet high, then 8 feet of coiled barbed wire to a height of four feet, then another fence. Inside and outside marched Huns with Tommy-guns and stick bombs. There were machine-guns and searchlights at each corner.

"I decided that the only way out was a tunnel.

"Along with seven others I began to tunnel under the building, wire, the sentry's beat, and a little farther to come out and run for it.

"We were using a small pick, and everything went well for the first ten feet, but as we could hear the sentry we were afraid he could hear us, so we used a bread knife.

"That slowed things up, and at the finish it had taken five weeks' digging.

"One night 14 slipped out. We went down under the floor. In

"We heard noises, and after what seemed hours I went in, my cobber close behind me.

"The tunnel opened on a bank about six feet below the sentry's beat.

"I poked my head out of the hole, my boots in my hand. I could not see a thing. I put my boots out next, and just as I was preparing to slide out I heard the sentry cough.

"I pulled my head in, and the sentry, hearing the stones and earth running down the bank, flashed his torch.

"I thought the game was up, and backed down the tunnel. My leg got caught, and there was I lying on my back, one leg bent so that my knee was hitting my chin.

"I whispered to my cobber, 'Pull my leg.'

"He thought I was joking, and it took a few seconds before he realised I was stuck.

"We waited for a stick bomb to be thrown in on top of us, but all was well, and the next minute both of us slithered down the bank, up the other side, and within a month we were back in Egypt."

Sgt.-Pilot Tom Blackley, R.A.A.F., now a Transatlantic ferry pilot, to his wife in Mackay, Qld.:

THE past two days we have been

visited by a big portion of the U.S.A. Air Force, and included among their planes were a couple of Flying Fortresses.

"They're terrific, carry a crew of more than 10 men, and to look at them you would wonder however they manage to get off the ground.

"The Yankee boys were telling us just what hot stuff they were, and one of the R.A.F. boys here challenged their ace pilot to a 'dog-fight.'

"Well, dari, the R.A.F. boy just ran rings round the Yankee—he'd have shot him to pieces about 20 times.

"This R.A.F. boy is a sergeant-pilot like myself, but what the Yank did not know is that he, the English boy, has 11 Messerschmitts, 2 Heinkels, 2 submarines, and the D.F.C. and bar to his name.

"Last Sunday four of us visited Green Gables. I don't know if you have read the book, 'Anne of Green Gables,' but think you probably have.

"Mrs. L. M. Montgomery, the author, lived near here.

"Green Gables is a delightful spot. Big, tall trees, and farther back apple trees, with a lovely little brook, and a bridge over it—all mentioned in the book."

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BERTIE FINDS A HOME



By ...
**Laura K.
 Burbridge**

**Appealing story
 of hearts united
 by a boy's grit.**

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Bertie Jarvis sat stiffly upright in Hollywood's most fashionable children's bootery. Shyly he thrust out his right foot and tried on shoe after shoe.

But Bertie's mind was not on shoes. He was tired and bewildered. He wanted to like this beautiful American lady—this Mrs. Sterling—who was going to look after him for the "duration." He wanted to like the dark gentleman with her. But he couldn't.

He still felt the hotness in his cheeks at the memory of their meeting at the train. He'd offered to shake hands with Mrs. Sterling—just as his big father had instructed him to do. She hadn't taken his hand. Instead she'd looked down and said, "You bite your nails. How dreadful!"

He'd hidden his hands behind his back and hadn't bothered to explain that nail biting was something that had been only recently acquired.

The man she called Tony said, "You're in America. You'll find things quite different over here, I suppose."

Bertie asked, "Are you tykin' the pieces of my ol' man over 'ere, sir?"

Tony roared right out at that and thumped Bertie hard on the back. "You've got me wrong, I'm afraid. I don't mind looking after a friend's wife, but I draw the line when it comes to kids."

After Mrs. Sterling got through laughing, she leaned closer to Tony and said, "Tony darling, some day you'll say me with your humor."

Remembering, Bertie sat forward in his chair and reached his arm around and tentatively felt the spot on the sharp little blade under the tweed jacket. He was surprised to find it didn't still hurt.

The clerk tied the lace of a brown-and-white oxford-pattied Bertie's foot. "There, young fellow! Just the thing for a young gentleman."

Mrs. Sterling smiled. "I'll take all five pairs, Mr. North."

Bertie gasped. Five pairs of shoes! What would he do with five pairs of shoes all at once? A bloke only 'ad one pair of feet.

Mr. North struggled to his feet and accepted a roll of money from Mrs. Sterling.

"I envy you, Mrs. Sterling," he said. "You and so many others are doing a wonderful thing. Too bad we can't get 'em all over here where they'll be safe."

"There's an awful lot of red tape to it," Mrs. Sterling sighed. "But I was lucky. I have a friend over there. She arranged everything for me."

Bertie's eyes followed the three as they walked to the front of the store. He could well imagine what

they were saying: "Yes, poor little fellow. Looks sad, doesn't he? His mother was one of the first to be killed in a raid, you know. His father's in the army. Digs out time bombs, or something as uninteresting as that."

He shut his eyes tight to close out the image of his mother as he'd last seen her. He'd been one of London's evacuated children. Sent to Kent. His mother had fretted a lot. The Queen, Lord love her, had

"You've been 'avin' bad news, 'aren't you?" Bertie asked, looking from Lee to Gerry.

green convertible. "Home, did you say?"

"No; not yet. I've got to outfit the kid some more. Get him some decent suits. Try to make him look human."

Bertie looked down at his bare-scared-up knees. "My ol' man—he got these for me when 'e was 'ome on leave. Blimey! 'E didn'tarf chuck 'is money about."

"Boys don't wear short pants here," Mrs. Sterling said shortly. "They're men right from the start."

"Blimey!" breathed Bertie incredulously.

Mrs. Sterling shuddered. "And you mustn't use that horrid word any longer."

Gerry Sterling slid his long legs farther under the desk and ran anxious fingers through his hair as he stared down at the sheaf of monthly reports and swore under his breath.

He swore as a matter of habit. Who wouldn't? That European war was cutting a nice slice from the profits of the motion-picture business. And now Amy was bringing part of the trouble right into his home. Taking in one of those kids that were being brought to the United States by the shipload.

Gerry had an uneasy feeling. Was Amy aware of his plans for pulling out—before he'd have a chance to tell her in his own way? Perhaps that was her reason for taking in the kid. But no; Amy wasn't so subtle.

Maybe she was tired of that Tony fellow. Decided she'd better hold on to her husband. But it was too late for that now. A kid might have helped at one time. But not now.

Please turn to page 17

BACK TO REALITY

Romantic short story
by EDITH BRISTOL

FIVE and one-half days every week, fifty weeks every year, Rose Langley made out marriage licences, filling and registering the passports to paradise — or elsewhere.

After twenty years, the capable Miss Langley could have filled out a marriage licence blindfolded.

To-day, as she threw herself on the couch behind the screen in the dressing-room, she was weary to the bone of being an efficient piece of office machinery. Twenty years ago she would have scorned a few minutes' rest before starting home. But not now.

Perhaps Miss Langley dozed a bit, for voices from the other side of the screen roused her.

... but not our Miss Langley. Not 'Cupid'! ... The words came above the splash of water in the basin. "It simply can't be."

"It certainly is. The shoe clerk told me."

Miss Langley sat up suddenly, rigid her ears straining.

"But it's simply preposterous. She's forty-five if she's a day. Dyes her hair. All that make-up. Imagine those wrinkles under a lace veil! Don't make me laugh."

Rose bit her lip and clutched the edge of the couch.

"Some old beau from Africa or Brazil or some outlandish place.

She's having the wedding in Grace Chapel and inviting all kinds of funny people."

"Well, why shouldn't she?" To listening Rose Langley the third voice rang clear and sweet—or was that because of what it said? "We'd have any kind of a wedding we wanted and ask anybody we chose." That must be Laurel Blair, the new girl in Judge Powell's chambers.

"But imagine! At her age! Grace Chapel, too. That's the handsome young minister all the girls are so crazy about."

Rose groped for her handkerchief and dabbed at her cheeks, then stared at the rouge stain on the crumpled linen. She couldn't stand it another instant.

Then Laurel Blair spoke again. "You girls are being downright mean. Miss Langley has been very nice to me. I'm going to ask her if she'll invite me."

Rose sat motionless, letting the tears splash on the spotless white front of her blue twill. Dyed hair. Old. Preposterous. Silly. Maybe that's the way she'd look to Andrew, too. Maybe that's the way everybody would see the rich, yellowing folds of the shimmering satin and the fragile, cobwebby roses of the lace, wrapped so sacredly in blue paper since that other time when she almost wore them.

A sniffle that started to be a sob was smothered with difficulty and ended as a muffled cough.

Laurel, drying her hands at the towel machine, heard it and stepped around the screen.

"Oh, Miss Langley," the girl gasped. "You heard them?"

The older woman nodded but did not speak. Impulsively, Laurel dropped to her knees beside the couch and slipped a slender arm around Rose's shoulders.

"Don't mind anything they said, Miss Langley. Please. They're too young to know anything about weddings."

Miss Langley shook her head. "No. They're right. They're not too young. I'm not young enough. I've tried to plan such a perfect wedding but I don't know how." A bitter edge sharpened her voice. "I never go to weddings."

"I do." When Laurel smiled there were new lights in her brown eyes. "I'm practically an expert. I've been bridesmaid for two sisters and three cousins. I adore weddings."

Rose wiped her eyes. "You'll think I'm silly. But Andrew—the man I'm going to marry—thinks I'm popular and quite young."

"Tell me about him." Laurel's piquant face was animated, her eyes eager. "Where did you meet him? What's his name?"

"Andrew Jackson Hardy. Here in the courthouse. He came in to look at some mining claims on file. He liked me straight away. And the minute he walked in the door I knew I was in love with him. He's big and gentle."

"How long have you known him?"

"Fifteen years."

"Fifteen years?" Laurel echoed.

"It is a long time. First his sister died and he had to care for her children. Then the date was all settled and I bought the satin and the veil—but my mother was taken sick. She was an invalid for ten years. I couldn't leave her—and she couldn't go to Borneo. He works for an oil company. I couldn't leave. And he hasn't been back for five years. Then last month my mother—" her voice broke.

"I know. I was so sorry." Laurel jumped lightly to her feet, held out both hands. "But now you're going to have the wedding—and you're going to let me help you?"

"I'd love to have you help me—but I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what? You love him, don't you?"

"Love him! He's the best man on earth or he wouldn't have waited all these years. Afraid he'll find out I've—well, all the time I've been writing him things that aren't exactly true. He thinks I have so many gay friends."

"Never mind." Laurel patted Rose's arm. "You deserve any kind of a wedding you want. And we'll find plenty of friends for it. Then you can come back from Borneo and help plan my wedding—if the right man comes along."

The role of stage manager for the wedding proved anything but a simple one.

For the twentieth time Laurel checked Rose's invitation list, so pathetically brief. Mr. Briggs, the county clerk, would give the bride away; his wife and four daughters would sit in the front pew. Miss Langley's doctor and dressmaker and her landlady. The girls from the courthouse, each pledged to bring some presentable escort. The total was disheartening.

Why, oh, why, had she ever promised to see this wedding through? She'd simply have to call on Toby Leeds!

Please turn to page 12

HUMAN COMIC



"I want you to get me a lot of men for the wedding," Laurel told Toby.



It takes only a few minutes every night to which PERSPIRATION ODOUR out of undies with gentle LUX. Nightly Luxing keeps them prettier too!

PERSPIRATION ODOUR

KILLS ROMANCE...

BE A LUX

CHANGE DAILY
GIRL

Save stocking ladders
with a mighty dip
in Lux

LUX CONTAINS
NO SODA

A LUX PRODUCT

U.S.A. 34

RIVER OF DOUBT

By Leslie T.
WHITE

Continuing our exciting
adventure serial

The story so far:

MARK CROSBY, ex-detective sergeant, accepts a mysterious commission from beautiful

IRENE AMES to investigate the sabotaging of a manganese mine in Brazil, the owner of which.

"SCOTTY" DOUGAL, a former friend of Mark's, has been shot and seriously wounded by an unknown assailant. Mark leaves for Brazil by plane with Irene, making friends on board with

STEPHAN BRUENZLI, a lawyer, and the lovely

SENRORA NITA OCANA. On the first night of the trip, he receives a cable from

DAVID WILLIAMS, United States Government agent, telling him that Dougall is worse, and warning him to be on his guard.

Now read on—

THE next morning, Irene seemed moody and silent, so Mark resumed his chess games with Stefan Bruenzli.

After lunch the giant Sikorsky huddled the Tumuc-Humac mountains and below them stretched an interminable carpet of evergreen forests.

Irene came over and sat beside Mark. "Look!" she whispered, and there was a little catch in her voice. "That's Brazil!"

Mark leaned against the window and stared, while his mind segregated all he had ever heard or read about this legendary land below him. Brazil! Centuries old, yet new as to-morrow.

Immense: a quarter of a million square miles larger than the continental United States of North America. Great land of swamps and pampas, of vast plateaus and unconquered mountain peaks, of silent rivers crawling tenaciously out of the greater silences beyond.

Dazzling cities, fabulous cities! A huge laboratory of civilisation where a new race is being moulded from the time-tested blood of three old ones—Portuguese, Negro and Indian—and spiced with the blood of Aryans and Oriental.

He watched the panorama for hours. The hardwood forests gave way to swampy grass lands. Then they catapulted over a vast body of water.

"The Amazon!" Irene told him. "It's nearly two hundred miles wide here at the mouth."

A little later the Clipper dipped her nose in a curtsey to King Neptune, Lord of Waters, and tradition, and they were across the equator. Mark's pulse quickened.

"Well, fellas, he reminded himself, you're now sliding down the other half of the world."

Shortly after five they landed at the city of Belem, or Para as it is usually called, snuggled in the jungle on the banks of the lower Amazon.

After the formalities of customs and immigration, which the friendly Brazilian officials made as painless as possible, Nita Ocana and Bruenzli came over and the four of them stood talking. Mark noticed that Irene seemed preoccupied. She kept glancing around, and when she caught him watching her she said: "I rather hoped someone would be here to meet us."

He began to wish he had told her about Dougall's injury before, but this was not the moment for announcing it, so he kept silent. Bruenzli and Nita were stopping over till the following day, so they invited Irene and Mark to have dinner with them.

The little lawyer was bubbling with energy after his long flight, and suggested they send their bags to the hotel by cab and walk through the streets.

While they were making arrangements, a messenger came up and handed Mark an envelope. He excused himself and opened it. It was a message from the American Consul.

Dear Mr. Crosby: Unfortunately,



urgent business is taking me to Rio de Janeiro just before you will arrive. I had hoped to meet your plane. Ian Dougall was operated on this afternoon at the General Hospital. The bullet was removed successfully and he is holding his own. However, you will not be able to see him until to-morrow.

The monthly upriver boat which you must take leaves the morning following that is, the day after to-morrow, so we will not meet until your return to the coast, for I shall be away most of the week. Meanwhile, may I urge you to be careful, and wish you the best of luck.

As Mark pushed the letter into his pocket, Bruenzli remarked: "Not bad news, I trust?"

Mark smiled. "Quite the contrary," he said. But he saw the hurt in Irene's eyes and he felt ashamed. It was going to be a shock when she learned that Ian Dougall was in the hospital, but he assured himself that it would do no good to tell her the truth until she could visit the old man.

DINNER that night was a gay affair. Irene seemed to have recovered from her disappointment of the afternoon. Bruenzli was as cheerful as usual and even Nita Ocana put aside her habitual boredom to enter into the spirit of warmth and friendliness that characterised Brazil. It was nearly midnight before good-byes were said.

"We'll expect to see you in Rio," the lawyer said on parting. "Oh, you'll come all right. Everyone comes to Rio de Janeiro before they die. It's the gateway to Paradise."

He sobered and offered his hand. "I don't know what brings you to Brazil, Crosby, but if you ever want help—come to me. Before you are in this country long, you will hear of Stefan Bruenzli. Some of it will be good, some of it bad. But come anyway." He broke into laughter

again. "I'll teach you some more chess."

"That is an inducement," conceded Mark, and turned to Nita Ocana.

She looked at him with her dark, moody eyes. "And what inducement could I offer, Senior Mark Crosby?" she asked in a throaty voice, "that I might see you again?"

Mark overflowed with gallantry. "Senhora herself is all the inducement I require," he smiled, and bowed over her hand.

When the others had gone, Mark urged Irene: "It's a wonderful night. Let's take a walk along the waterfront."

She agreed and as they strolled through the now deserted streets she slipped her arm through his. And a feeling of hominess and well-being began to steal over Mark.

"Tell me about the people who work for Scotty Dougall," he suggested.

That she hated the question he knew suddenly, without knowing how he knew it. She walked nearly a block before replying, and then she seemed to choose her words with caution.

"You must understand," she said finally, "that a mine like this is not a clear-cut organisation such as you might have up home."

"I can understand that," said Mark. "Who's in charge—I mean, when Scotty is away?"

"The foreman. His name is Fernandez. Ignacio Fernandez."

"What's he like?"

She shrugged. "He's a big, tough Portuguese rough-neck, with a lot of Indian blood in him. He used to be a soldier of fortune, and he's wanted in several Central American countries as a revolutionist. But he knows mining and the back-country, and he's the only man in the outfit who can get any real work out of the natives."

"They idolise him. Ian also thinks the world of him."

"What do you think of him?"

Please turn to page 28

"It is with regret, Senhor Crosby," said the sergeant stiffly, "I announce you under arrest."

PROVED by Amazing HALF-HEAD Tests New Shampoo Thrills Thousands!



TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE:
LEFT—Soap-worked side. Hair dulled by "soft-soap."
RIGHT—Calinolite side. Hair is silky-bright.

No other shampoo tested beautified hair so thrillingly—yet left it so easy to handle!

HERE is, perhaps, the strictest and most convincing test anyone has ever dared to make of any shampoo—a triumph for the exclusive patented "Calinolite" process.

In these unique "half-head" tests, one side of the head is washed with Calinolite foam—the other with soap or powder shampoo.

1. The Calinolite side was far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent

waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl. Not a soap—not an oil, this amazing shampoo changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff completely.

No special rinses needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove. Ask your chemist, store or hairdresser to-day for a bottle of Calinolite foam Shampoo.

(Costs less than 4d. a shampoo!)

AWARD FOR VALOR

He craved success, but found that a woman's love was infinitely more precious to him.

THE DC-2 was cocked up on her ear in a stall, and I was testing, shouting the readings to the inspector who sat in the co-pilot's seat beside me, when I heard Ben Grant, the Miami radio operator, go on the air.

"Miami to Three thirty-four—Miami to Three thirty-four."

We were at four thousand feet over Biscayne Bay. I yelled at the inspector to watch the tachas, and reached for my microphone.

"Three thirty-four to Miami," I said. "Go ahead, Ben."

"Bill," Ben Grant said. "Charley found the Russians—I intercepted a message about it. He found them on an ice-floe four hundred miles north of Point Barrow, and picked them up."

I said: "Fine! Thanks for calling me!" I hung up my mike, and started reading the news to the inspector again.

But I wasn't thinking about the news. I was thinking about Charley—Charley Craig, my brother. I was happy and relieved, of course, and yet worried in a vague way.

For more than a month Charley had been in Alaska, searching for the Russians who had gone down in an attempted flight from Moscow to Portland. And now he had found them, after days of exquisite excitement.

There wasn't much basis for it, except my understanding of

by

Leland Jamieson

Charley always had been; but now I was wondering how he would like the humdrum routine of a run on the air line again.

We got all the prop and engine data we needed, and I went down and landed. Lucy and Gretel were still waiting in the car where I had left them.

Since Charley had been away Gretel had practically lived with Lucy and me; she liked people around her.

Lucy, my wife, looked incredibly young and fresh and beautiful, too.

Getting into the car I thought irrelevantly that it couldn't possibly be twelve years since we were married, but it was.

"Well, girls," I said, snug with my news. "Charley found his Russians to-day."

"Really?" Gretel exclaimed. A proud, happy glow came into her face. "Oh, that's wonderful! Is he all right? Where is he now? When will he be home?" Impulsively she grabbed Lucy and hugged her. "I can't wait to see him!"

"Knowing Charley as I do," Lucy said lightly. "I don't think that you'll ever see him. After all, a man with twenty-five thousand dollars can go a long way!"

Gretel laughed. She and Charley had been married a little more than a year, and they adored each other. "He had better not spend that money!" she said. "We're going to buy a house with it." Then she added vivaciously: "Let's celebrate! I feel as if somebody had just lifted the world off my shoulders!"

So we celebrated. We went out to dinner, and then to a movie, and we all felt wonderful. For five weeks we had been under the strain of waiting for word that Charley was safe. Immediately after the Russians had been reported lost, he had taken leave from the air line and flown to Point Barrow. A rich explorer in New York had offered twenty-five thousand dollars and expenses to any pilot who found them, and Charley, having flown a good deal in Alaska before he took his job with the line, thought he knew where to look. So now, finally, he had succeeded, as he had succeeded eventually in everything he had ever attempted to do.

In a lot of ways he was an extraordinary chap. From the time

he could remember, he had been blessed—or cursed—with an insatiable craving for excitement and an almost feverish ambition. He had started in aviation as a wing-walker and acrobat with a flying circus, at seventeen, and he had made himself what he was. Outwardly he was hard-boiled, emotionless, cynical, but I knew that was only a pose.

It was because I thought so much of him and knew him so well that I was concerned about how he would like coming back to the line.

During the period waiting for Charley's return I reached the top of the co-pilot list, and was being checked out for promotion. I had a lot of things on my mind, but I kept up with developments. Charley made a triumphal return to New York. He had not been a noted figure in aviation before, but now he was an international hero, with the Russians bombing him and inviting him to Moscow, and the President having him down to the White House for lunch.

All the publicity and build-up seemed funny to Gretel and Lucy and me, because we knew Charley didn't care about personal fame. He had gone to Alaska after twenty-five thousand dollars, and he had got it. It was only because of the accident of placement and timing that he had become famous, too.

T h i n g s *h a v e* *s e e m* *to* *h a v e* *a* *s o r t* *o f* *s e l f - e n g a g i n g* *q u a l i t y*.

For just at the height of Charley's acclaim the young son of a high American diplomat in London got a blood-stream infection, and the doctors over there had given up hope, when in a laboratory in New York some scientists discovered

new drug that would save him.

It all came up almost overnight; actually the night before Charley was supposed to leave New York and come home. The President himself called him and asked him if he could take that drug and a laboratory technician to London. Bang! "Can you fly to London to-night?"

Charley came over to tell us, at five in the morning. Charley had phoned her just before taking off. Sitting with Lucy and me over coffee at that unholy hour, she explained the whole thing.

"How much is he getting?" I said. "Getting?" Gretel repeated. "Why he's not getting anything."

"He's doing this for nothing!" I exclaimed. "He's using that reward money to fly medicine to a sick kid in London? Well, kitten, there goes your house. Aren't you furious?"

"No," Gretel said in a tone that showed she had never once thought about being furious. "After all, he's trying to save somebody's life."

"Well," Lucy said. "I think it's nice of him. I think it's a sweet thing to do. And it's just like Charley to do it."

I didn't say anything. I just sat there, drinking my coffee, doing a whole lot of thinking. There was something here that didn't add up to give the right answer. Charley was a generous chap, but he couldn't afford to go galloping across the Atlantic at his own expense, unless there was a chance to make something out of it. And there was no chance of that, doing favors for Government officials, even the President.

"Unless," I thought suddenly, "this is the beginning of..."

"What's the matter, Bill?" Lucy said abruptly.

"Nothing," I said. "Why?"

"There was the funniest look on your face," Lucy said.

"I guess I'm still asleep," I said.

But I wasn't still asleep. I had never been so wide awake in my life.



The passengers were barely in safety when the plane's remaining tanks blew up.

Well, I got my promotion before Charley got back, and the first job they gave me was ferrying ships to Santa Monica for a factory overhaul. That went on for almost three solid months, and I never got home.

But when I got home I got a terrific shock, because three days before, Gretel had packed her things and left her home and Charley.

"But why?" I asked when Lucy told me.

"Wait till you see him," Lucy said. "What's the matter with him?"

Lucy shrugged. "Darling," she said, "I couldn't begin to tell you. But if your ego ever outgrows your

head the way his has, it'll take an air-mail letter a week to reach me!"

"So that's it," I said. I sat down heavily, scrubbing some of the weariness out of my face. I had flown nineteen hundred miles since daylight, and it was only ten o'clock at night now. "I thought anything else might happen to him, but I never thought he'd get a swelled head."

"It's pretty terrible," Lucy said.

"He's famous, now."

"Isn't that irony?" I said wryly. "He didn't start this. He started out to save five Russians' necks, and to get twenty-five thousand dollars so he could buy Gretel a house."

It was an accident that he got famous."

"Not to hear him tell it, it wasn't," Lucy said.

I got up and went to the telephone. Nobody answered when I called Charley's house. I thought I would call again in the morning and go over and talk to him. He needed Gretel. I didn't know how I could help him, but I wanted to try. I had seen him once before in a situation like this, when he thought he had lost her, and I was afraid he would go off the deep end. He had stopped drinking when she married him—but now he would probably start again; and he and alcohol didn't get on well together.

Please turn to page 26

A.I.F. NURSES INSPIRED BESIEGED SINGAPORE

Rescue squad found night sister calmly dusting bombed hospital

By HARRY KEYS

Our special correspondent in Singapore

In beleaguered Singapore a bomb hit one of the hospitals staffed by Australian nurses during a night raid.

When the rescue squad rushed up three flights of stairs, they found the night sister with a duster in her hand calmly clearing rubbish off the beds and generally setting the wards to rights.

She had already been around among her patients seeing that they were all right and had calmed down those rudely wakened from sleep by the explosion. Miraculously none had been injured, although one had a small glass splinter in his shoulder.

THIS story is typical of the courage and calmness of the Australian nurses.

I went round this hospital with Matron I. M. Drummond, of South Australia, and saw the girls at work.

Practically every bed in her large hospital had a patient in it, even in the chapel, where the altar had been boarded off.

The bomb had crashed at a corner of the building and the ceiling of the long room which was crowded with patients at the time had been wrecked.

Matron Drummond was proud of the manner in which the night sister had carried on. So were the boys.

There was a raid in progress when I was at this hospital, but no one appeared concerned.

Superb courage

THERE were men with damaged legs or arms propped up in their beds, working quietly away at crossword puzzles.

Others were reading, and others sleeping. Some were sitting on the edge of their beds chatting to wounded comrades brought in only a short while ago, telling them of Sydney, recalling old surfing days, and promising them an early return home.

One of the most cheerful sights was the convalescent barber who was clipping a comrade's hair.

The latter had his arm and leg in plaster, and he had worked his way round to the foot of the bed, where he sat with his feet towards the head of his bed. Thus the pair achieved a most practical barber's chair.

Other convalescents were up and about lending a hand.

I saw one chap in the larder sitting at an enormous trestle table before an unbelievable number of rounds of sliced bread which he was buttering in preparation for lunch. Another man was slicing fresh juicy Malayan pineapples.

There wasn't one soldier in that hospital who was depressed.

Most of them called out a cheery "Hello, George!"

One man wounded only a few hours before by a Jap shell was among the brightest of the lot.

When I saw him he was on a stretcher being carried from an ambulance to the ward.

His knee had been splintered, but he lay quietly on that stretcher with arm crooked under his head.

When he saw Matron Drummond he raised himself and shouted "Hello, Sister."

Matron Drummond waved to him as bearers took him into the theatre. But there are sadder sights than this—men who had been badly hurt, men who had been wounded in their backs and obliged to lie face down on their stretchers.

A military hospital in a war zone has a grim background and an air of urgency.

It has everything essential for the treatment of wounded soldiers, but



A.I.F. NURSING SISTER in Singapore. With complete calm, our nurses there continue their routine work under fire.

none of the "trimmings" of a peace-time hospital—no visitors, no flowers.

Matron Drummond told me she is deeply grateful to the Australian Red Cross for kerosene refrigerators and other practical supplies.

She also told me how the Australian hospitals were transferred from Johore to Singapore within two days. Normally the transfer would have taken six weeks.

That is typical of the efficiency which is part and parcel of the Australian Army Hospital organisation.

The boys are receiving every care and attention possible from the nurses ministering to their wants. It is good to see them together.

To safety

AS I write, there are few white women besides the nurses left in Singapore.

Singapore Harbor has been a scene of feverish activity for days past as women and children were being packed onto boats and taken away from this shattered fortress.

No praise is too great for the men of the British and Dutch Navies and Merchant Marine, whose job it has been to save these families from the last ordeal of Singapore city.

Their boats have dodged in and out of the harbor ignoring the unceasing bombardment from land and air.

With superb calm, the men have helped anxious, harried mothers and bewildered children aboard, and then made off at full speed for a place of comparative safety.

Once there no time is lost. Passengers disembark and the ship returns to run the gauntlet of Singapore Harbor once again.

A small, but gallant, band of fighter pilots, Australians, New Zealanders, and British, are still taking off in their Hurricanes from Singapore to engage enemy formations.

It is all sadly reminiscent of Dunkirk . . .



MATRON (then Sister) I. M. DRUMMOND (seated, left) with Sisters E. M. Hannah, M. H. Dorsch, E. Balfour Ogilvy, and Matron E. Sexton at a farewell party in Australia. Matron Drummond escorted our Singapore representative round the hospital.



ANOTHER NURSE who was among the A.I.F. Sisters posted to Malaya.



MATRON PASCHKE and some of the nurses on her staff in Malaya at a happy tea-party in the days before Japan struck in the south-west Pacific.

G.O.C. thinks only of his Diggers

"WE'RE in it again," is the reaction of the A.I.F. troops on Singapore island to relentless Japanese attack.

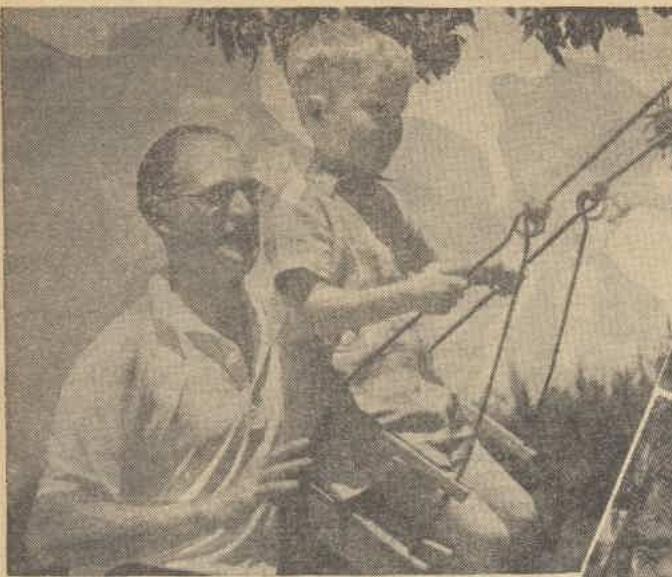
After a night of ceaseless artillery fire our correspondent met the G.O.C. the A.I.F., Major-General Gordon Bennett.

"He was climbing out of the shirt he had put on at dawn yesterday," he says.

"He had not been to bed. He had been up among his men, under heavy enemy artillery and mortar fire, once again thinking only of his Diggers."



Thankful to be here...



HAPPY TIME for little Robin Wilshaw, of Malaya, when his host, Rev. C. W. Pegg, gives him an exhilarating swing.

Mothers and children from Malaya settle gratefully in Australian homes

By TORA BECKINGSALE

"We would rather be with our husbands, but we are thankful to be in Australia for our children's sake" . . . This is the spirit of women who have come to Australia from Malaya and are courageously adapting themselves to their new life.

To see how they are settling down I went to Balaklava, a country town where forty-one women and children from Malaya are billeted in private houses. In many places in Australia I could have made much the same tour, heard much the same stories, seen much the same adjustment to a different world.

IT'S an entirely new design for living for these guests in Australia. No husbands to help them . . . no amahs to look after their children. No native servants to wait on them hand and foot.

Above all, the overwhelming sadness of being lonely, homeless, and bereft of all their possessions, and with heart-breaking anxieties for the fate of husbands still in the battle zone.

Warm-hearted women all over Australia are helping them . . . taking them into their homes, their lives, their affections, arranging for their children to be playmates with young Australians, and to share their toys.

Typical of all this are the visitors at Balaklava and their Australian hosts and hostesses.

I made a tour of some of the houses.

At the Rectory I found the Rev. and Mrs. C. W. Pegg's household had been doubled overnight. Mrs. Ronald Wilshaw was there with Jane and Robin and baby Robert.

All their worldly possessions came in a cabin trunk and two handbags.

"Luckily I have a few warm clothes for the children because I laid in a stock last time I went to England," said Mrs. Wilshaw, who is the wife of Major Wilshaw, of Kuala Lumpur.

The children were all playing happily outside. "We are so glad to have them as companions for Margaret," said Rev. Mr. Pegg as he went outside to give the little ones rides on his daughter Margaret's swing.

Only 29-months-old Robert was inside. He, like several of the babies, had caught a cold on the trip and was on the sick list.

Mrs. Arthur Gould was not so fortunate with clothes, because she had brought only light ones.

"But I began knitting at once



CHILDREN from Malaya, Margaret and Michael Ralph, with their hostess, Mrs. Charles Bell, look on with interest while Mr. Bell offers a juicy branch of lucerne to his pet kangaroo, Joey.



IAN CHARLESWORTH, of Balaklava, shows the school bell to interested Elizabeth Hindmarsh and Ruth Bowden, of Malaya. "We have a whistle at our school at home," say the little girls.



LESSONS at their new school for Elizabeth Hindmarsh (7) and Ruth Bowden (8). Headmaster of Balaklava Primary School, Mr. Bertram Robinson, overlooks their work.



AT THE RECTORY, Mrs. C. W. Pegg, of Balaklava, bottles fruit while Mrs. Ronald Wilshaw (Malaya) irons children's clothes, and Jane Wilshaw (left) and Margaret Pegg look on.

and have the children outfitted now," she said. Her two bouncy children are Stephen and Marion.

Children staying with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bell are having a wonderful time because the Bells have a kangaroo, a cage full of lovebirds, five fluffy little Persian kittens and some fowls.

Margaret, 10, and Michael, 9, joyfully gather the eggs each day and help to feed the fowls.

The children's mother, Mrs. John Ralph, was feeling very happy that day. She had just received a cable from her husband. "All well. Love and good luck. Jack."

A friend of Mrs. Ralph, who is at Balaklava, too, is Mrs. R. Taylor. With small daughter Joan, aged 4, she is staying with Mrs. H. H. Overton.

Mrs. Taylor had to leave her home at Ipoh with only 15 minutes' notice.

At Nurse Edith Cowan's house were Mrs. James Payne and Pippa (14) and Susan (13) Kenneway, and four-year-old Jillian Pearce, who has come here without her mother.

She was put on the boat at Singapore by her mother in charge of Mrs. Payne. She has grandparents

in England. Winsome brown-haired Little Jillian is remarkably self-possessed.

She sat on the floor dressing her dolls and packing up doll's furniture because it was hot weather and she thought they should be sent up to the hills.

She chatted about air raids. "The

whistle would go and we would have to get into shelters."

Most of the children talk very philosophically about bombing. Entertaining Little Elizabeth Hindmarsh said rather with glee that they missed school when there were raids.

I saw her at the Balaklava

MARION and Stephen Gould, from Malaya, by fallen gum tree in the garden of their hostess, Miss A. Kerley. They gathered leaves and chopped wood for her.



MRS. JACK RALPH delighted to get a cable from her husband: "All well. Good luck. Love . . . Jack," she reads.

Primary School, where she has started lessons with Ruth Bowden.

Elizabeth is staying with her mother at Mrs. A. L. Shuttleworth, and Ruth with Mrs. A. Ahrens.

"Children from Malaya are a very fine type and very intelligent," said headmaster Mr. Bertram Robinson.

"I like it here, although it is a very different life," said Mrs. Jack Adderley, who, with son Douglas, is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Dick Munday.

For Mrs. Arthur Ward, who, with her son Arthur, 7, is living with Mr. and Mrs. William Underwood, there was very little social life at her home, she told me. She lived on one of the small islands, Paulus Brand, near Singapore.

Arthur saw a lot of the Malay children.

"I speak Malay," he said, and readily rolled off long sentences.

"Nanti" he called to two women who were fixing a bridge table at the American Inn in the Institute where his mother had taken him.

"That means wait," explained his mother, and she beamed when the small child politely sprang to help with the bridge table.

Very busy have been the two billeting officers, Mrs. Ray Harris and Mrs. Friend Edwards.

They act as liaison officers between the evacuees, the householders, and Mr. H. B. McLachlan, Controller of Quartering for the district.

"We have had to see that the women with small babies have gone to homes where there are already cots and babies' baths and prams," said Mrs. Harris. "The Red Cross has been marvellous in providing clothes," she added.

"The settling in of women from Malaya at Balaklava was splendidly organised by Mr. McLachlan," said Col. G. D. Shaw, Commissioner of Civil Defence.

The night they arrived the station was shut to all people except the billeting officers, who met the women. Then V.S.D.'s escorted them to cars and their new homes.

"The evacuees were all settled in their new homes in half an hour. The first woman and her baby were at home in eight minutes."



STAFFORD CRIPPS . . . *new force in British politics*



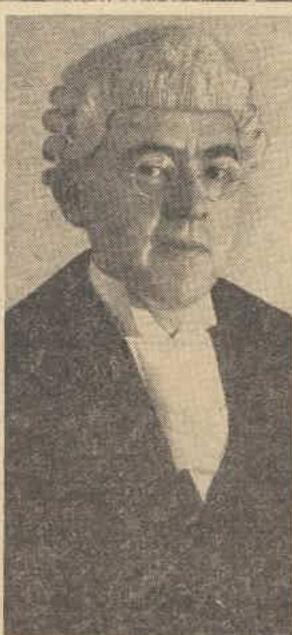
SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, former Ambassador to Russia, shown against the background of his lovely home in the Cotswolds.



LADY CRIPPS and Madame Maisky, wife of Soviet Ambassador, at a London art show.



DIANA (Mrs. Weaver), daughter of Sir Stafford Cripps.



SOLICITOR-GENERAL, Sir Staf-



LORD PARMOOR, father of Sir Stafford Cripps, earned £30,000 at Bar, Stafford, Led House of Lords.



SIGNING of Anglo-Soviet pact was Sir Stafford's greatest achievement. The Russians trust and like him. He says Russians will sit in Berlin!

Editorial

FEBRUARY 21, 1942

THESE DAYS OF SUSPENSE

IN these dark hours, the sympathy of the whole nation goes out to the many thousands of Australian women who wait in an agony of suspense for news of their loved ones in the battle zone.

Theirs is a grievous burden.

Every Australian has a heavy heart now. Every Australian is aware of the nation's peril, of the closeness of the threat to all our homes as the news from the north grows hourly worse.

But in the heavy hearts of those whose men are fighting this desperate battle there is a sharper pain and a nearer heart-break.

Everywhere they are gallantly carrying on the daily round which must seem so trivial and unimportant. Everywhere they are facing the routine tasks which cannot be set aside when a heart aches.

But they are lying awake at night.

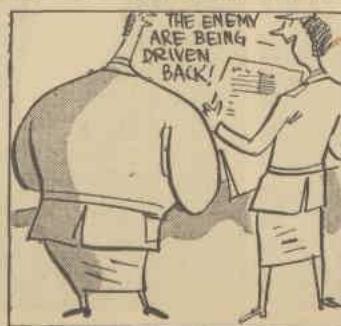
All Australia shares their vigil. The men to whom we owe so much are brothers to us all as they pass through this grim ordeal, outnumbered and insufficiently protected from the air.

News of their fate is awaited with an anxiety that eclipses all the other and many urgent considerations of the grave situation in which we stand.

These men have bought for us a precious meed of time with their sufferings. Many have paid with their lives.

To the women who wait to hear the fate of some young brave boy we can express only a reverent sympathy and a sincere sharing of their sorrow and suspense.

—THE EDITOR.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By WEP.

Mrs. Churchill on visit to "Bundles for Britain"

"Please thank Australia," she told London chairman

Cabled from London

By MURIEL MACKAY

London Executive Chairman for Australia's "Bundles for Britain"



MRS. CHURCHILL at the London office of "Bundles for Britain."

I HAVE just spent one of the most memorable fortnights of my life conducting visitors round Harrods' exhibition of "Bundles for Britain."

As I write, their amazement and gratitude at the extent of the effort America and Australia have made for them rings in my ears.

In every accent, from Cockney twang and Lancashire dialect to Mayfair drawl I've received their thanks.

I've given assurance to these English people that I'll tell Australians how deeply grateful they are for the help given them. But first I must tell you of Mrs. Winston Churchill's visit, and of her sincere, heartfelt, "Please thank Australians. They are truly marvellous."

Mrs. Churchill, honorary sponsor for "Bundles for Britain" from America with which we are affiliated, has been very busy since I received the honor of representing Australia's "Bundles," and I've not had the opportunity of meeting her.

Her Aid for Russia Fund has already passed the million pound mark, and this has kept her going night and day.

Then when the Prime Minister's speech in Parliament after returning from America was scheduled to take place at the same time as the opening of the Exhibition, I thought once again I'd miss meeting Mrs. Churchill and telling her personally just what Australia's effort was.

The Prime Minister's lady, however, was as good as her word, and as her husband faced up to his critics in Parliament, Mrs. Churchill stepped out of her car, accompanied by Lady



THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER inspecting winter clothes provided by "Bundles for Britain" and distributed through the Soldiers, Sailors, and Airmen's Families' Association, London.



MRS. MURIEL MACKAY, London Executive Chairman of Australia's "Bundles for Britain," passes over some comforts to a willing helper for distribution.

—Photo, Gaumont-British Newsreel

soon found myself telling Mrs. Churchill all about Australia, and the effort made there.

Of course, America's "Bundles for Britain" are on a much bigger scale, for it has been going a long time, and extends from garments to X-ray plants, and even entire hospitals which have been built and maintained.

Mrs. Churchill was keenly interested in Australia's effort, and I was able to give her an account from the Northern Midlands and some recently blitzed seaport towns that received our "Bundles."

The fact that I'm not one garment to show her is proof how urgently these clothes were needed, for the Women's Voluntary Services have rushed the ships which sling the huge bales on to docks and have distributed them within a few days in some cases.

More work for 'Bundles for Britain'

SINCE the war with Japan commenced, "Bundles for Britain," Sydney, has been busier than ever.

The honorary secretary writes:

"Apart from the fact that we are still sending large quantities of clothing to Britain, we are supplying them to anyone out here who is in need—for example, the people evacuated from Malaya and other northern countries; children evacuated to the country, and dependents of Service men.

"This means we need even more help in the way of money donations and contributions of new or good clean clothing. "Woolen goods are the great need in Britain, but here, of course, we are able to make good use of all light garments."

We arranged a display in three rooms on the ground floor of Harrods', and the committee took it in turn to explain the effort to the visitors to give them an idea how vast the organisation has grown, both in America and Australia.

On view we had samples of the different types of gifts sent, ranging from children's shoes and blankets to seamen's sweaters, and photographs of the ambulances, canteens, children's cots, cases of new surgical instruments, and so on.

"I think the Australians' effort is magnificent," Mrs. Churchill said, when she'd talked with me for nearly an hour. "We are deeply grateful," and I heard her words echoed over and over again on the succeeding days of the exhibition.

We are taking the exhibits on a tour of every provincial city, so the whole of Britain will have a chance to see the help that comes to them from so far away.



HOUSEWIFE: It's hard to believe these days that vegetables come out of the ground.

GROCER: Why?

HOUSEWIFE: They're sky-high!

A RATION OF FUN

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."



"There goes lazy-bones hitching a ride again."



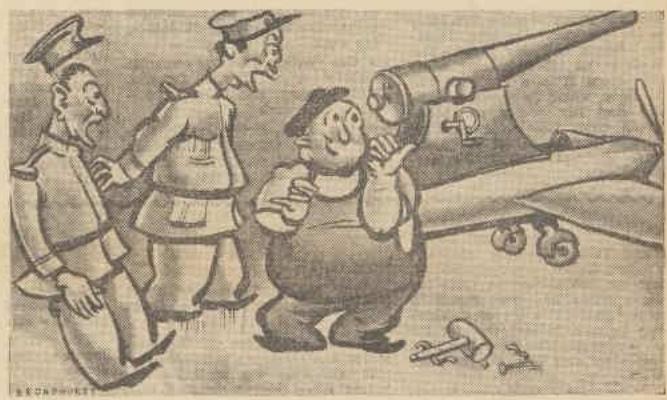
PEGGY: I thought your soldier fiance was taking you out to-night?

JOAN: So he was, but he's very sick. He isn't allowed out for a week because he's got C.B.



MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead.

"Fred says he loves me for my beautiful complexion." "Yeah, a fresh one every day."



"Well, there she is. Although I admit I was stumped at first when you said you wanted cannons on 'em."

£5000 RED CROSS DREAM HOME

TICKETS NOW ON SALE

At Red Cross Branches, Newsagents, and our Headquarters, Prudential Building, 39 Martin Place, Sydney.

OR IF YOU WOULD LIKE TICKETS SENT TO YOU
FILL IN THIS COUPON CLEARLY AND MAIL TO-DAY

To the Secretary,
RED CROSS DREAM HOME,
Box 65 CC, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I understand that Dream Home tickets are available NOW.

Single tickets cost 1/- each.

Books of 6 tkts. cost 5/- each (1 free ticket).

Books of 12 tkts. cost 10/- each (2 free tickets).

Please forward me tickets in the Dream Home
..... books of 6 tickets
..... books of 12 tickets
..... shillings.

for which I enclose shillings.

Name
Address
State
I enclose a 2/-d. stamp, to help the Red Cross.

Brainwaves

* A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

TWO young doctors met for the first time since they were at the University.

"I'm specialising in nerve treatment," said one.

"And have you had any success?"

"Too right I have. Why, when I finished my last case the patient asked me to lend him £10!"

SAID the fastidious customer: "Two eggs, please. Don't fry them a second after the white is cooked. Don't turn them over. Not too much fat. Just a small pinch of salt on each, no pepper . . . Well, what are you waiting for?"

"The hen's name is Betty," ventured the waiter. "Is that all right, sir?"

WHAT do you think of my new hat? I earned it myself."

"How was that?"

"Trained my husband not to smoke."

SIMITH wants me to lend him some money. Do you know anything about him?"

"Why, I know him as well as I know you. Don't lend him a penny, old man."

IS that man annoyed with you? I noticed he didn't return your greeting."

"Oh, he lives next door to me. He never returns anything."



THURSDAY 7.45 pm

MUSIC COMEDY QUIZ

- Guest Stars of Radio, Screen, and Stage.
- Hollywood Acc-pot and the latest news from Movieland by The Hollywood Reporter.
- Hit Tunes of the screen by Reg. Lewis and his Macquarie Band with Barbara James.
- Compere Johnny Walker.

2GB

PRIVATE VIEWS

• By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer •

★★ SUNDOWN

(Week's Best Release)
Bruce Cabot, Gene Tierney,
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

WALTER WANGER presents a tale of intrigue and rebellion at a British Government outpost in the East of Africa. In it you have spying, gun-running, vivid atmosphere, rolling drums, a beautiful half-caste native girl, but with this is a blended wartime victory propaganda voiced most effectively by Cedric Hardwicke.

Gene Tierney, very beautiful and alluring, plays the mysterious half-caste girl (she isn't really a half-caste at all).

Bruce Cabot plays the local British Commissioner who outwits the Axis plotters bringing ammunition by seaplane to the natives—and Cabot steals most of the acting honors.

While the plot is rather complicated, the drama is well sustained, and provides several sequences of high excitement.—Regent, showing.

★ NEVER GIVE A SUCKER
AN EVEN BREAK

Gloria Jean, W. C. Fields, (Universal)

FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD singer

Gloria Jean and bulbous-nosed comedian W. C. Fields, playing themselves, are teamed in this diverting little nonsense tale.

Fields is trying to sell a film story idea to producer Franklin Pangborn. Gloria is Fields' niece. The film is at its most amusing when Fields drops from a plane in the mountains where he meets a man-hater and her pretty daughter.

You'll enjoy Gloria's two songs, especially her rendering of "Dark Eyes." She has an attractive personality.—Capitol, showing.

Our Film Grading

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

Shows Still Running

★★★ *Blossoms in the Dust*. Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 9th week.★★★ *It Started With Eve*. Deanna Durbin, Laughter in sparkling comedy.—Lyceum; 9th week.★★ *Love on the Dole*. Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans in powerful social drama.—Emboss; 8th week.★★ *Suspicion*. Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama.—Century; 8th week.★★ *Skylark*. Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland in sophisticated comedy.—Prince Edward; 8th week.★★ *Billy the Kid*. Robert Taylor as Western hero in picturesquely Technicolor adventure.—St. James; 8th week.★★ *Our Wife*. Pleasing romantic comedy with Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Hussey, and Ellen Drew.—State; 3rd week.★★ *Hot Spot*. Betty Grable, Vicente Mature, Carole Landis share excitement of good tough American thriller.—Plaza; 3rd week.

Here's hot news from all the studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara O'Connor, our special representative

JUDY GARLAND suddenly collapsed during her personal appearance tour of U.S. army camps. Doctors diagnosed throat infection, and packed her off to her home in Beverly Hills to recuperate. Judy says that she will resume her tour "just as soon as possible."

BECAUSE of his serious ill-health, Australian-born director Johnny Farrow has finally been forced to abandon his naval career, and has signed with Paramount to direct "Wake Island."

Farrow, who was a lieutenant-commander in the Canadian Navy, returned to Hollywood on sick leave at the end of last year, but had hoped to resume his duties shortly. He is the husband of Maureen O'Sullivan.

ERROL FLYNN is in trouble again. The U.S. Government has filed a £1700 income tax bill against the actor.

IT was a joyous reunion when Hedy Lamarr greeted her mother in Hollywood this week. Pair have not seen each other for five years. Hedy's mother made the trip from Europe via Canada.

AN UNKNOWN actress has secured the important role of Nora in one of the year's most important films—Selznick's "Keys of the Kingdom." The player's name is Jennifer Jones. She is twenty-two, was a member of a small mid-Western stock company, and has made no previous films. Producer Selznick is now testing her.

DEAN JAGGER replaces Maurice Evans in the leading role. Evans is unable to leave the stage presentation of "Macbeth," which has been running for months in New York.

VIC MATURE is now in hospital recovering from one of those Hollywood accidents. Make-up used for a tar-and-feathering movie scene caused serious swelling of the actor's hands and feet.

From his sickbed, Vic threw a bombshell by announcing that he was separating from his wife, the former Mrs. Martha Kemp, who was married to him only last year. When interviewed, Martha, however, denied all knowledge of such a plan, thus causing complete confusion.

JOAN FONTAINE will definitely star in Selznick's "Jane Eyre."

STRUCK by a falling microphone boom on the set of "Sabotage," Priscilla Lane was saved from serious injury only by the high hairdresser she was wearing. The doctor sent her to bed for three days, suffering from slight concussion, but she has now returned to work.

FRANCES DEE, wife of Joel McCrea, is making her film comeback in Columbia's "Something Borrowed." She will co-star with William Holden.

DEWY-EYED and excited, Teresa Wright told me that she is to marry the well-known writer, Niven Busch, as soon as she finishes her current film, "Pride of the Yankees." Teresa is the pretty twenty-year-old stage actress who enchanted Hollywood by her portrayal of Bette Davis' daughter in "The Little Foxes"—her first film.

ACTRESS Martha Scott and her husband, Carleton Alspach, are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son.

LATEST star to show interest in the production side of the movie business is ambitious Jean Crawford. Jean has asked her studio, MGM, to allow her to try her hand as a producer of short subjects, with a view to producing feature-length films later on.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX has already lined up for Alice Faye the film she is to make after the birth of her baby. It's called "Coney Island."

MADELEINE CARROLL is now on her way to New York to begin that war work for which she volunteered on the outbreak of the Pacific War.

AFTER spending a few days quietly resting at Rogue River, Oregon, where he drove with only his chauffeur as companion, Clark Gable is returning to Hollywood.

BEFORE returning to Hollywood, Anna Neagle will make a war-benefit tour of Canada. With director Herbert Wilcox Anna flew from Hollywood to England last year to film the life of Amy Johnson, which was completed a few weeks ago.

REMEMBER "The Yearling"? MGM began work on this unlucky film over eighteen months ago, then was forced to shelve it owing to production difficulties. The studio plans to resume shooting in the near future, but Gene Eckman, the boy originally chosen to star in the film, has outgrown his role. Fourteen-year-old English Roddy McDowall is now being tested for this part.

Back to Reality

Continued from page 4

NOT that Laurel disliked Toby. On the contrary, that long-legged, broad-shouldered, humorous young reporter from the *Paloma* paper had been especially nice to Judge Powell's new secretary. So nice, in fact, that for the past few weeks Miss Blair had been steadily refusing all of his invitations.

No use getting tied down to one young man, Laurel cautioned herself, not even laughing Toby Leeds.

The Reverend Claudio Chapman of Grace Chapel was an attractive young man, too—although a bit on the serious side—and just as attentive as the impetuous young reporter. It would be easy enough to fall in love with Toby, but why care too much when he made it so plain that he wasn't going to let marriage stand in the way of his progress?

She called Toby and his answer came through a muted medley of typewriter clicking, telephone bells and masculine voices. "This is Leeds." A nice deep voice.

"This is Laurel Blair. Remember me?"

"Certainly. You're the red-headed Jane that turned me down last week when I had passes for a movie."

"This is more romantic than a movie. It's a wedding."

"Not yours?"

"Not mine. I'm just the stage manager. You know Miss Langley in the county clerk's office?"

"The one they call Cupid? Of course. She was there when they laid the cornerstone. Not Rose? Come to lunch with me and tell me all."

Going to lunch, Laurel proceeded to tell him—all "... and so I want you to get me a lot of men for the wedding. The right kind..."

"Evening wedding . . . hum . . . that means you want them dressed . . . I'm to provide them just like that. Where's the hitching post?"

"Grace Chapel. The Reverend Mr. Chapman's church."

"All right. I'll do my best."

They would have talked things over again the next evening, but it was the night of the symphony concert. Weeks ago Laurel had accepted the very correct and formal invitation to attend it with the hand-some young minister.

So, between days filled with work, casual dinners with Toby and invitations from the Reverend Claudio, the two weeks went by in a whirl for Laurel.

Then, for good measure, there was the surprising gesture of Judge Powells.

Laurel's admiration for her employer was combined with considerable awe, for the portly, white-haired Judge treated his staff with kindness, but a vast impersonality. It took all the girl's courage to mention Rose's wedding. But she did, her brown eyes shining with eagerness, her cheeks flaming as she spoke.

It is asking a great deal, but if you and Mrs. Powell would be willing to come . . . it would make Miss Langley so proud to have you there . . .

Judge Powell's answer to the wedding invitation came promptly, not to Laurel but to Rose. In the shape of a note in delicate, old-fashioned writing. Rose showed it at noon, her eyes filling with tears as the two read it together.

"My Dear Miss Langley—

"Judge Powell and I shall be very greatly honored if you will permit us to give an informal reception for you and Mr. Hardy at our home after the ceremony at Grace Chapel.

"If you will allow us the privilege it will confer a favor on two old people who, long ago, planned such a reception for their only daughter, who was taken from them before her wedding day.

"Sincerely yours,
"Antoinette St. John Powell."

Andrew Jackson Hardy looked exactly as Laurel had expected he would when Rose, radiant with pride and affection, introduced him on Saturday morning. He was long and brown and thin, with greying hair and blue eyes set deep in a network of small wrinkles, and in his gaze when it rested on Rose there was protection, adoration.

"I can never thank you enough, Miss Blair, for all your kindness to my little girl—" he held Rose's hand in his own huge brown one as he spoke. "I mean to try my hardest to make her happy."

He would, Laurel knew. He would be all understanding and devotion and consideration.

The rehearsal was prompt and brief. Mr. Briggs was willing to take a half-hour from his afternoon of

golf so that he might know the exact moment to step forward and give the bride away.

The clergyman, though not hurried, showed no inclination to linger over the rehearsal longer than was absolutely necessary. He was taking Laurel afterwards to an exhibition of old books, and he wanted all the time possible to browse among the treasures.

Toby was in a hurry on general principles. He went through his part with a sulky, bored manner so utterly unlike his own genial, natural self that Laurel whispered to him, "Cheer up, my lad. This isn't a hang-up."

Even the bride-to-be was flustered and gave the responses in a tone so low her fiance could hardly hear them. The hairdresser was coming at noon, her eyes filling with tears as the two read it together.

The only principal of the wedding party who moved serenely through the short rehearsal was Andrew Jackson Hardy. He stood calmly at the chancel rail and the light in his eyes as Rose advanced down the aisle on Mr. Briggs' pudgy arm transfigured his lean, brown face.

Rose stood before the mirror in her bedroom, thoughtful and very still. Around her on the floor rippled the creamy folds of the satin gown's long train; soft lace cascaded over it from the tiny Juliet cap of pearls. She thought of Andrew standing there by the chancel rail, remembering all the tenderness that shone in his lean, brown face.

That image in the mirror before her—the woman in bridal satin and rose-strewn lace—should be the figure of a girl. The face under the cap should be fresh, unmarked by time. Her own was the face of a woman who had worked and waited and been patient—too long. And the years had slipped away.

Preposterous! Dyed hair. Silly. The words rang in her ears.

Rose turned from the reflection in satin and lace to the neat blue suit and turban ready to wear tonight. The soft, familiar wool felt homely and substantial to her touch. A hurried knock sounded at her door. "Miss LaPlante, ma'am."

"Just a minute." Rose slipped off

the veil and gown. "Come in, please."

Miss LaPlante opened her bag and tied on her apron. "I'm sorry to be late, Miss Langley, but my last customer was having all the color taken out of her hair and it took longer than we thought. Now—well—rest the color first . . .

Rose spoke with resolution. "No, Miss LaPlante, don't restore the black. Make it all white—and dress it low, to wear with a small round bangle."

Scowling, Toby Leeds pressed the bell of Laurel's tiny apartment. Laurel opened the door—and in her street clothes, Toby noted. "Oh, you—" Was the expression on her face surprise or pleasure or amusement? He couldn't tell. "Come in."

"Yes, me. I'm the best man, remember?"

Laurel ran her fingers through her rumpled curls and laughed.

"You seem to find it very comic." Toby glared. "After all, Laurel, you asked me to help you—and even if you went off with that stupid clerical shirt all the afternoon I'll keep my promise. So far as I'm concerned they can get hitched without all this tomfoolery—it was you who wanted this to be the perfect wedding."

Laurel managed to speak through her gusts of laughter. "It was. It is. They've had it. Judge Powell married them at four o'clock—in his study."

"You're raving."

"I'm talking sense. Rose found she couldn't go through with it. Andrew never wanted a big wedding."

"But to-night! The church! The reception?" Toby stammered.

"The reception will be just the same. But Rose says it seems a shame to waste that lovely veil."

"Laurel—" Leeds took one long stride forward and held out his arms. "Don't waste that veil. I never put in such a miserable afternoon as this. Marry me. I still haven't any money. But to-day cured me—looking at Rose and Andrew with all those wasted years behind them." His deep voice was vibrant.

"But you still haven't told me you love me . . ."

AGERLY he interrupted her: "I've been wanting to tell you that since the first day I saw you with the light shining on your lovely hair—." Toby pressed his lips against it. "This afternoon, when you were with another man, when I looked at Hardy and Rose, I realized I couldn't keep from asking you. We can't make the same mistake, can we, Laurel?"

No words were necessary to answer him.

Stately tapers of white wax lifted glowing points of flame to mark the altar of Grace Chapel, and waxen lilies with hearts of gold poured out their heady fragrance. Strains of the organ drifted from soft to softer melody while the wedding guests slipped into their places in the pews. The mystic hush of expectancy that prefaces all weddings filled the chapel.

The Reverend Claudio Chapman was a man of self-possession and poise—and to-night he needed it. Tall and impressive in his suit he let his thoughts stray for a full moment from the time-honored service. Perhaps it was for the best, after all. Beautiful and winsome as she was, there were moments when Laurel had seemed a bit too frivolous to be a clergyman's wife.

The organ lifted its mighty voice to a new but old, old tempo—the guests rose and glanced toward the back of the church. Toby Leeds, with one of his pals beside him, entered from the vestry. He stood very tall and straight and his eyes were grave.

At the rear of the chapel, her hand on Mr. Briggs' arm, the bride started down the aisle. A tiny cap of pearls rested on her coppery curls, her plump face, with eyes brown as pantries, was veiled by a cloud of filmy lace, and a train of white satin spread behind her.

A ripple of surprise ran from guest to guest. A murmur . . . a low exclamation of amazement . . . a gasp!

In a back pew Andrew Jackson Hardy reached a big brown hand to clasp Rose's—left hand wearing a very new wedding ring.

Toby Leeds turned to meet the bride—the gravity of his face illuminated.

"Dearest beloved"—began the richly sonorous tones of the clergyman.

Rose Langley whispered to her husband—"I always knew it would be a perfect wedding!"

(Copyright)

The Movie World

February 21, 1942

13



JANE WITHERS

Surprising new threat to movie glamor girls is the once chubby child star, now a slim, pretty sub-deb, as you can see by the

Twentieth Century-Fox portrait on this page. Although only fifteen, Jane plays older roles on the screen, and would like to handle adult

drama soon. She is to free-lance from now on. Jane is permitted to go out unchaperoned, her favorite escort being Jackie Searl.

Trained Nurse
Offers Remedy
for Grey Hair

Recommends Simple Home-Made
Mixture That Quickly Darkens It.

Miss Mary J. Hayes, a well-known nurse, makes the following statement about grey hair: "The use of the following remedy, which you can make at home, is the best thing I know of for streaked, faded or grey hair, which turns black, brown or light brown as you desire. Of course, you could do the mixing yourself to save expense. Just get a small box of Orlax Compound from your chemist and mix in with 1 ounce of Bay Rum, 1 ounce of water and 1 ounce of warm water. This only costs a little. Comb the liquid through the hair every other day until the mixture is used up. It is absolutely harmless, free from grease or gum, is not sticky and does not rub off. Itchy dandruff, if you have any, quickly leaves your scalp, and your hair is left beautifully soft and glossy. Just try this if you would look years and years more youthful."

Antiseptic Oil
Heals Eczema

Must give Results in 7 Days or Money
Back, say the makers, who will Gladly
Return the Purchase Price if it doesn't
Help You

Make up your mind to-day that you are going to give your skin a real chance to get well.

Never mind what caused it—you're probably born with it. A lot of other people convinced that the only thing that can be done is an ointment or salve (some of them are very good), but in the big majority of cases these sticky salves simply close the pores and the condition primarily remains the same.

Go to any chemist to-day and get an original bottle of Moone's Emerald Oil. The very first application will give you relief; a few short treatments will thoroughly convince you that by sticking faithfully to it for a short while your skin troubles will be gone.

Don't expect a single bottle to do it all at once, but one bottle we know will show you beyond all question that you have discovered a sure way to restore your skin to perfect health.

Moone's Emerald Oil is a clean, powerful, penetrating antiseptic oil that does not stain or leave a greasy residue; it must give complete satisfaction or money cheerfully refunded.

GARY COOPER ISN'T SO SHY

LANKY COWBOY IS MAN OF WORLD NOW

From
Christine
Webb
in
Hollywood



WOULD you," asked Gary Cooper, "like to hear something about this film we are making?"

"Delighted," was my reply.

So the most misunderstood man in Hollywood stood in front of me and began to talk with ease. We were on the set and Gary was free for a time while lights were being adjusted. I gazed up at him: he was worth steady absorption. It seemed to me that the cameras did not really do his looks or his grace justice.

Then something happened. My neck from prolonged stretching began to crack. I still wanted to look at Mr. Cooper; I still wanted to listen to Mr. Cooper. And his father and I occupied the only two seats in sight—I had the honor of sitting in Gary's own little canvas chair.

Greatly daring, considering that Gary was dressed for his part, I ventured "Would you mind sitting on the floor, Mr. Cooper?"

He was charmed. Stretching his lazy length beside me he continued the story of the picture, showing a highly intelligent grasp of its essentials and saying how much he liked it.

The three of us drifted into a talk of England and America. Gary Cooper's father comes from Bedfordshire, his mother, from whom he inherits his good looks, is also English. Gary was educated partly in England, so again it was easy to listen while father and son talked.

And presently I realised that Cooper had gone through his film life on the first build-up that studio gave him—the handsome, the shy, the inarticulate cowboy.

If Gary were not, under that misleading diffidence of manner, his own man, he could have made "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"? Would he have been cast for this present role opposite Barbara Stanwyck in RKO's "Ball of Fire"? Samuel Goldwyn, producer of this film, cast Gary as a professor who, with seven assistants,

is compiling an encyclopedia. The work does not offer much difficulty until it comes to the definition of slang, and then the unworldly professor and his seven assistants are alike lost.

Professor decides to look for somebody who gets out and about, and choice falls upon the ice man. Ice man is full of ideas, and tells the professor the "right places" in which he must look for information. One of the absolutely right places is a night-club, and there the professor meets the dancer, Barbara Stanwyck.

The dancer teaches the professor a great deal, but it is not until she arrives at his home that things really begin to happen. Barbara has not only fled from the police, but is being pursued by a gangster about whom she knows too much.

Presently the book-lined home of Professor Potts is invaded by gangsters, and Gary has to become exceedingly learned and daze his assailants with what Americans call ten-dollar or ten-buck words. He admits some of the words were dif-



• Night-club entertainer and professor: otherwise Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper in RKO's unusual comedy, "Ball of Fire."

that the allowance must be a little more elastic.

For a short while—and it was some years ago—Gary rode high, wide, and handsome in Hollywood. The quiet, the supposedly shy and awkward Cooper developed a weakness for driving his high-powered sports car at 80 miles an hour.

To-day Gary Cooper is a man of the world. His varying experiences have brought him a long way from the lanky Montana cowboy who first faced the camera. He is still quiet, still has the shy manner, but his eyes have a habit of smiling when the face is in repose. This proves that Mr. Cooper is a man of discernment and understanding.

"When, however," he said, "I found myself without the necessary 25 cents for the cheapest seat in a picture theatre I told my manager



Persil Whiteness takes the eye!



WHENEVER WHITENESS IS ON PARADE trust Persil's results to steal the show! You see, Persil's gentle oxygen-charged suds shift the "anchored" dirt that other suds can't budge. It gets things whiter than anything else simply by washing so much cleaner.



"For months I suffered acute pain from indigestion and stomach trouble. I tried several remedies without result. I was recommended to try De Witt's Antacid Powder. After only four doses I was greatly relieved. Now, after taking about half a tin," writes Mr. A. G. V., "I have completely recovered. I have told other people about De Witt's Antacid Powder, for I am very thankful and overjoyed at the benefits I have received."

"You can do as I did." That's the advice of a host of sufferers who have ended indigestion and stomach trouble with this quick-action remedy. So, even if you have suffered for years, there is no need for despair.

De Witt's Antacid Powder overcomes indigestion and stomach trouble because, firstly, it neutralises excess stomach acid. Then it soothes and protects the inflamed stomach lining. Finally, it helps to digest your food whilst your digestion is being restored to normal. Why suffer longer?

End stomach troubles now
and eat what you like.
Get your sky-blue canister
to-day!



DeWitt's
ANTACID POWDER

A proved remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence and Gastritis. Obtainable from chemists and stores, in large sky-blue canisters, price 2/7, Giant size 4/8, inc. Sales Tax.

Beauty Mask



LOURNAY BEAUTY MASK refines the pores and clears away blemishes caused by excess acids and impurities. Paint a thin film of Beauty Mask over the entire face . . . massage it lightly into the skin . . . then a heavier application, which is left on over-night.

10/7

LOURNAY CLEANSING CREAM efficiently removes all traces of the Beauty Mask and massages away all impurities brought to the surface of the skin.

4/9

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Lournay
COSMETICS

A NEW thought struck Gerry. Maybe Lee, Amy's sister, had put her up to it. Lee loved kids. Funny she'd never married. She'd make a grand wife and mother.

Gerry slammed the sheaf of reports in the top drawer of his desk and went out. Lee was a forbidden topic for even his thoughts. A lone black sedan slid up to the curb beside him. He settled down under the wheel. It was great to get outside in the fresh air.

On the beach road he drew in long draughts of salt-laden air. The ocean was cutting up a bit. White-caps embroidered the shore line.

Would be pretty nice to dive into those waves. But there wasn't much fun going in all alone. Amy was afraid to go in at night. He didn't have any other time—unless it was Sunday. And most of the folks that came out then didn't care for swimming. Guzzling liquor and good food was more in their line.

When you came to think of it, Amy's friends were a pretty poor lot. And he'd lost track of his friends.

Gerry sighed. When a fellow climbed to the top, friends either got jealous or you just left them behind. Lee was the only one he really missed. But he'd spoiled that camaraderie—the time he'd tried to put his arm around her when Amy wasn't looking.

Lee had drawn away—given him a hard searching look. That meant more than a slap in the face from any other girl.

Amy Sterling closed the door to Bertie's bedroom and crossed the hall to the stairway. The child certainly looked funny and out of place in the room she'd had done over for him.

She reached the foot of the long stairway, heard someone open the front door and turned—startled.

"I told you," she greeted her sister, "that it wouldn't do you a bit of good to come and preach, Lee."

"You got him, then?"

"Of course."

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QUICK RELIEF! Murine washes away irritation. Your eyes feel refreshed. Murine is alkaline—pure and gentle. It helps thousands start to-day to let it help you, too.

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All chemists sell cool, magic-acting Frostene in good-size tubes... greaseless, stainless. Rub it in night and morning—enjoy foot comfort through the longest summer day.

Bertie Finds a Home

Continued from page 3

Lee glanced up the stairway. "Poor little fellow."

"Poor little fellow nothing! He'll have everything that money can buy."

"And you think that kind? How about when he has to go back? Will he be able to adjust himself?"

Amy shrugged. "That's not my worry. All that I'm concerned with is the present."

Lee looked at her sister for a long time before she spoke. "I suppose you're punishing Gerry again for something or other. But this time you're not hurting only Gerry. There's a little fellow whose heart must be breaking with loneliness."

"If you feel so dreadfully sorry for them, maybe you'd better stick around and look after their welfare. I've often said you should have married Gerry. Too bad you were at college when he got introduced into the family. His money wouldn't have influenced you."

Lee winced, but her voice was steady as she ignored her sister's taunt. "What does Tony think of Bertie?"

"Tony? Tony is being a little difficult. He doesn't like kids." Amy laughed harshly. "And neither do I. As soon as I'd sent for the kid I was sorry. At the time it looked like a good publicity stunt. If I'm too fed up, I'll step out of the whole mess. Tony's getting pretty impatient."

"Amy, no! After bringing the child all this way—you wouldn't desert him."

"I'm beginning to think it would be a lot of fun seeing what sort of a father and mother Gerry would make."

Lee hesitated, bit back the hot words that she knew would do no good, and started up the stairs. "I'll take a look in at Bertie before I head for home."

Bertie's straight little back was to the door as Lee opened it. He hadn't answered her knock. With a quick glance Lee took in the tightly-clenched hands at his side. "Hello, Bertie."

Bertie turned, and she saw the tight cords at the side of his mouth, the dew that was threatening to become a sudden burst of rain in the pathetically large blue eyes. "Hello."

Lee longed to take him into her arms. But she'd learned that sympathy took away the crutches to courage. She put out her hand and grasped his small outthrust one as one man to another. "I just dropped in to welcome you to America, Bertie, and then I'm on my way home."

The new light that had come briefly to Bertie's eyes dimmed. "You don't live 'ereabouts?"

"No. In Los Angeles. But that's not far. I'll be seeing you often. You see, Mrs. Sterling's my sister."

"You ain't a bit alike, be yer? But my Aunt Min—she's got six and they ain't bit alike."

Lee laughed and searched through her purse. Closing it, she handed Bertie a card.

"This is my name and address. If you need me, Mr. Sterling will let me know."

As she turned to leave, Bertie sprang to the door and opened it with a quaint courtly manner. "Thank 'e, ma'am," he said.

Gerry jumped from his bed as the morning sun cut across his pillow. Under the shower he planned his day. He'd take a walk along the beach first thing. Then he'd come back and face Amy; have a definite understanding with her and get out. It would be rough on the English kid, but that wasn't his lookout.

He was glad Amy hadn't been in last night. Probably doing the night club with that Tony fellow. He'd missed seeing the kid, too. Asleep, the butler told him.

The shower finished, Gerry slipped on a slacksuit, but left his feet bare. The sand was a grand exerciser for tired feet.

But the sand was cold and Gerry's feet ached almost as much as his soft muscles as he turned around to go back an hour later. In the brass brightness of the daylight that broken-down trailer that had parked on the beach near his house looked worse than ever. He might have remembered and seen the authorities about getting these people moved on. Done one last thing for Amy. She'd complained about them enough.

He stopped, startled, as he noticed a slim boy surreptitiously slip out the side entrance of his house. "Now who can that be?" he muttered. "A

thief! And loaded down with clothes, too."

The boy headed in the direction of the trailer. So that was it. They were robbing him as well as spoiling his view. Gerry took his hands from his pockets and hurried after the boy. Catching up with him, Gerry swung him around by the shoulder. "What are you up to, young fellow?"

Bertie drew away from the grasp and looked Gerry squarely in the eye. "I'm tykin' some clothes to the tyler, I am."

"Oh—you are. And who gave you permission to take clothes to the trailer?"

"Nobody, sir. But I promised them, I did." Bertie looked down at the suits and shoes dangling from his arms. "I don't need so much . . ."

"You don't need so much . . . Tell me! Who are you?"

"Bertie Jarvis." So this was the kid Amy was hanging around his neck. A thief, for good measure. Just like her. "Where'd you get those clothes?"

"Mrs. Sterling—she give them to me."

"And what are you doing with them?"

"Giving them aw'y, sir."

"Not selling them, by any chance?" Gerry questioned sarcastically.

Bertie smiled, and Gerry's interest quickened. A smile did something for the kid—dug out a dimple high on the cheek and a devil-may-care look in the blue eyes.

"They 'aven't got no bloomin' money. They're starvin', they are."

"You don't say!"

Bertie raised his pale face to Gerry's. "I know who you are, sir. I saw you start out this morning." He hesitated, then spoke quickly. "You couldn't be doin' something for those people in the tyler, could you, sir?"

Purposely Gerry ignored the eager question. He felt an urge to test the boy further. "Bertie," he said, "don't you know that what you're doing is stealing?"

Bertie stopped. His chin quivered but his eyes were clear as he looked at Gerry. "I couldn't be stealin', sir. She give them to me. My of woman—she used to say that things would do more good on somebody's poor body than 'angin' in the closet."

Gerry felt ashamed of himself. He took hold of Bertie's arm. "Maybe your mother had something there, son. Let's visit these friends of yours."

"Thank 'e, sir," Bertie said, and started off at a trot.

Gerry no longer felt cold. There was a warm glow that started right from the centre of him. He was interested—had someone to talk to. This English kid was a plucky little devil. Never showed a speck of fear when he'd questioned him. And well mannered, too. Bertie was such a sassy name, though. Bertie wouldn't sound so bad . . .

"How do you think you're going to like it here, Bert?"

"I'd like it better if my ol' man was 'ere."

"Maybe he'll come after the war's over."

Bertie shook his head. "Not 'im. E wouldn't leave the ol' woman."

"But I thought she—well, I heard she was—"

Bertie helped him out. "Yes—she's dead, all right. But I'll never leave 'er, I won't."

"Your father must have loved her a lot."

"She was 'ol' woman," the boy said simply.

His old woman! Amy was his old woman. How would the kid take his leaving Amy?

"Was your mother pretty?" He was sorry as soon as he'd asked. Better to let the kid forget about his mother.

Bertie smiled. "My ol' man—e thought so. So did I. Not so 'andsome, like your ol' woman—but something like Miss Lee—sweatlike."

Gerry stopped dead in his tracks. He found himself asking, "Miss Lee? Did you say Miss Lee?"

"Yes, sir. She came to welcome me to America, she did. And she didn't ask me a bloomin' question, neither. She made me feel right to 'ome."

Please turn to page 20

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR



HOLLYWOOD'S WAY TO THRILLING WAVES AND CURLS!

Hollywood stars were quick to seize on the amazing damp-setting technique. Now, with VELMOL, you can damp-set your hair in thrilling waves and curls—whenever you like! Takes but four minutes to do . . . in these THREE EASY STEPS:

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The Australian Women's Weekly £2000 Fiction Contest Serials and Short Stories. Entries close: Short Stories, March 31, 1942. Serials: September 30, 1942.

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91/1 HIRO
Reconnaissance
(NAVY)

TYPE 97
Twin-Engined Flying
Boat (NAVY)

KAWANISI
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Floatplane-Bomber
(NAVY)

MITSUBISHI
Dive-Bomber
(NAVY)

KAWANISI
Reconnaissance
Floatplane
(NAVY)

MITSUBISHI
Single-Seater Fighter
(NAVY)

MITSUBISHI
Single-Seater Fighter
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Floatplane Fighter
(NAVY)

MITSUBISHI
Light-Bomber
(ARMY)

Virgil

• These are the bombers and fighters that have raided China, the Philippines, Burma, Malaya, Rabaul. Stud

RE
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Learn
Identify
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MITSUBISHI MC 20
(Transport)

MITSUBISHI
Heavy Bomber
(NAVY)

MITSUBISHI MITSU 106
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(ARMY)

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(Transport)

SEVERSKY
Two-Seater fighter
(NAVY)

FIAT B.R. 20
Heavy Bomber
(ARMY)

TYPE 95
Single Seater fighter
(NAVY)

MITSUBISHI
Heavy Bomber
(ARMY)

Study these paintings carefully. Learn them "off by heart" that you may know them should they visit Australia.

Cuticura OINTMENT

for Baby's delicate skin



For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.

202A

GERRY'S eyes softened. Funny this kid could find that out about Lee so soon. She'd make anyone feel at home. Impatiently he started forward again. He'd like to ask more about Lee, but he didn't dare. "How'd you meet these people in the trailer?"

"I couldn't sleep, sir, so I came out for a bit of a walk."

"Mrs. Sterling know?"

Bertie shook his head.

"You know Mrs. Sterling hasn't any use for riffraff. You shouldn't have gone to the trailer."

"The Moores—they ain't no riffraff."

Gerry grinned. He liked the way the kid stuck up for his opinions. He looked down, and winced at Bertie's thinness. He'd send for a set of bars and start right in building muscles. Get a couple of pairs of boxing gloves, too. Just the sort of thing he'd been dying to do for years. Teach a kid all the things he'd missed when he was a boy.

Then Gerry remembered. He wouldn't be here; he'd be somewhere else. His voice was harsh when he spoke: "These people—The Moores—did they ask you for this clothing?"

"No, sir. I found Mary Louise over there." Bertie pointed to a spot on the beach a few feet from them. "She was cryin', she was. So . . ."

"So you stopped to comfort the troubled lady?"

"No, sir. I stopped to give 'er a bit of a bawlin' out. My ol' man 'e says it's a waste of time to cry."

His old man again. What wouldn't be give to have a kid speak of him in that tone! "And

Bertie Finds a Home

Continued from page 17

what did the little lady do about that?"

"She told me what she was cryin' about. Her ol' woman's sick and the bobbies are sendin' 'em off."

The nearness of the trailer shut away further conversation. At their approach three small boys scampered up the trailer steps and disappeared. But Mary Louise, a child of about eight, with blue eyes and two pinched-up plaits of blonde hair, came to meet them.

"Ere!" Bertie thrust the suits and shoes into her arms. "M'be some of the shoes will fit yer. But there ain't no girls about our place, so I couldn't get no dresses."

The child looked at the clothing in her arms. "They're beautiful, but I don't think mamma will let us keep them."

Gerry put his hand on the child's shoulder. "I think she will—after I've had a little talk with her."

An hour or so later Bertie and Gerry left the trailer. Bertie's eyes were filled with admiration for Gerry as they walked up the beach. "Blimey!" he breathed, "but you didn't 'arf do it up, did yer?"

Gerry dug his toes deeply into the hard sand as he walked. "Well—it worked all around. Mr. Moore wanted a job—and I needed a caretaker for the beach grounds. Besides, you'll need kids to play with."

"You're a bit of all right, sir," Bertie said warmly.

Gerry swore to himself. "I've got to tell Amy this morning—clear out before this little beggar gets under my skin."

They were within shouting distance of the house when a green convertible slid through the front gate. Tony was at the wheel. Amy beside him. She waved her hand.

"Good-bye, darling," she called. "Tony and I are off. Be good—
you two."

Automatically Gerry raised his hand and waved. "Confound it!" he muttered. "Now I'll have to stick around until she gets back." He glanced down at Bertie. "Well, old man, it seems it's just you and me for the day. What'll we do with ourselves?"

"We might go swimming?" Bertie's eyes were eager.

"Fine idea!" He'd teach the kid a thing or two about swimming.

A few minutes later he changed his mind. The kid could teach him a few tricks.

"Where did you learn to swim?" he asked.

"In our river. You gotta do some duckin' there to get out of the way of things. There ain't much room."

Gerry cut a wave. And another. This was living! A dip like this every night after work would put some stiffening in his spine.

Suddenly Bertie gave a loud shriek. Gerry's heart pommelled to his feet. But the kid was all right. Just making for the shore and a straight girl figure in a striped bathing suit. Lee!

She waved to them. "Hi! Any objections to me having a swim, too?" She was under a wave and came up beside Gerry. He'd forgotten how pretty she was. He'd forgotten about those two little freckles on the bridge of her nose that he used to tease her about. Then he had to be honest with himself. He hadn't forgotten anything about her.

"I'll race you both to that trailer up there," she challenged, and started out with long even strokes, Bertie gilding or rolling over like a young seal beside her.

Bertie won the race. On the beach he raced ahead of them. Gerry could keep his question back no longer. "What brought you out to-day, Lee?"

Lee's face saddened and she nodded towards Bertie. "It—it's bad news for the little fellow. A cablegram came."

"His father?"

Lee nodded. "Yes. He was killed while Bertie was on his way over here. One of those time bombs . . ."

Gerry felt choked and sick.

BERTIE was chasing a seagull with a broken wing. He caught it and started back to them. "It's hurted, 'e is," he called. And as he reached them, he held the bird out to Gerry. "Can you do a bit of mendin', sir? My ol' man—'e could."

Tears filled Lee's eyes and she stooped to pick up a pretty stone so Bertie wouldn't notice.

Gerry took the struggling bird and held it against his body. "I guess if your old man could do it, I can. Come along."

The seagull was taken to Bertie's room, and the broken wing mended to Bertie's satisfaction. At the housekeeper's insistent call they went below and sat out in the patio for breakfast. Gerry thought up jokes to chase away the ghost of a British father, and heaped Bertie's plate with sausages, toast, and orange marmalade.

Bertie was frankly puzzled. "You aven't been drinkin', sir, 'ave you?"

Gerry put his coffee cup down with a clatter. "Drinking? I should say not! Not so early in the morning."

Bertie looked at Lee. "You've been 'avin' bad news, aven't you?"

A tear slid down Lee's rounded young cheek.

Bertie's eyes darkened as he looked from one to the other. His hand shook as he put down his knife and clutched the edge of the table. He stared a long time at his plate. "A—
a bloke sure lives 'igh over 'ere," he said. "My ol' woman she liked 'er sausages." His voice broke and he pushed his plate from him. "So did my—my ol' man. 'Ell be missin' 'is sausages, will."

Gerry choked on a piece of toast, and when he got over his coughing when Bertie was walking down to the ocean. Gerry's eyes met Lee's. She shook her head. "We'll let him be alone for a few minutes. Then he'll need us."

"Us?"

Lee's eyes were candid and clear as they looked across at Gerry. "Yes! When you get your decks cleared, you can look up Bertie and me. Amy has gone off with Tony—for good this time. She left you a note. I found it when I came in this morning."

She held out a folded sheet of paper. Gerry took it and without unfolding it slipped it into his pocket. His head lifted and his shoulders squared as he looked over the patio wall and saw the tiny figure looking out to sea.

"I'm just beginning to understand what courage really is, Lee. I think I've found mine again." He reached out his hand. "Come, let's go to him. He needs us now."

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They teach the Observer to steer,
To study skies cloudy or clear—
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YOUTHFUL SIMPLICITY . . .



• Tucked bodice and sleeves distinguish this simple beige wool sheer model. The dark red belt has simulated flowers in front. Unpressed pleats fall gracefully from the snug hipline. (Above.)

• Youthful and useful frock of primulo crepe in shirnmaker style, with flared skirt. The bracelet sleeves are becoming and also convenient. (Left.)



• Gay tartan in lightweight wool. Colors are wine, green, cream, and scarlet. Centre panel and back are set straight, with side panels set diagonally.



• White yoke and shoulder-top to this dress of thick navy linen. A wide stripe of rust linen divides the white yoke from the bodice.

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and accent it like this



• Give that same blue frock a charmingly different look by adding a matching, buttoned-up bolero and trim collar, cuffs and cummerbund of white linen edged with red and white rick-rack braid. (Left.)

• Sketched in the top left-hand corner is the basic frock, done in royal-blue silk crepe with a plain high neckline, gored skirt and waist encircled with a red grosgrain belt.

• At the top centre, this simple little frock achieves a festive air with the addition of a matching, frilly basque buttoned round the waist and a crisp, square collar in white cotton, margined with a ruff and red rick-rack braid.

• For spectator sports, the lass at the left enhances her blue frock with an immaculately tailored jacket of red wool and a mustard satchel bag.

• Another effective change can be introduced with a white pique plastron, caught at the waist with a red belt and hand-embroidered round the edges with bands of red and green. The neckline is finished with two soft loops. (Above.)



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Beware of this crippling infection. It thrives when feet are hot, moist, steamy. Look between your toes to-night and if first sign of soreness or white, dead skin, apply IODEX. It quickly kills the fungus-like germs that cause red raw, crippling sores. A Specialist says 6 out of 10 are infected. Be safe—use IODEX.

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

So swift to make So lovely to wear

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THE PRETTY GIRL wearing this unusually smart collar, front, and cuff set is Jane Wyman, of Warner Bros.-First National.

New, charming set

THIS collar and cuff set pictured above (and at right) came to us last week from Hollywood. Created to put new life into last season's frock or give sparkle to your latest "plain," our needlework designer has traced the embroidery design on to sheer linen and organdie for you to make, embroider, and wear.

In white, tussore, blue, lemon, pink or green linen the set costs 4/6.

In white, blue, lemon or green organdie, price 3/11.



IF YOU WISH, you may have the pattern of this frock, also of collar and cuffs. Full details below.

SMART DAY FROCK

OUR expert had another bright idea. She designed this frock (see sketch above) somewhat after the style of the one Jane Wyman is wearing.

Included in the frock pattern is the collar, front, and cuff pattern, all of which costs 1/7. No embroidery transfer is available, however. You can cut the collar and cuff from any plain or fancy contrasting material to that used for the frock. Smart, isn't it?

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PAT PATTERSON, one of Australia's best-known models, is enthusiastic about "5-IN-ONE." Miss Patterson, who is a professional model, can't take risks with her smile. That's why I use "5-IN-ONE"—it makes my teeth simply glisten.

YOUR MONEY BACK UNLESS "5-IN-ONE" GIVES YOUR TEETH THRILLING WHITENESS IN 7 DAYS

You can try "5-IN-ONE" Dental Cream for seven days without risking a penny. If at the end of that time your teeth's agree that they are as white as "5-IN-ONE" is bound that my toothpaste you have ever used, you may return the partly used tube and have your money refunded in full.

FIVE TOOTHPASTES IN ONE

As you know, some toothpastes are made to remove stains; some to whiten teeth; others to prevent decay; some to sweeten the breath. "5-IN-ONE" Dental Cream (containing "Depression" and Lantigen "D") COMBINES ALL FIVE of these functions and, unlike other dentifrices, it is GUARANTEED to give these benefits.

Want a bright, attractive smile? By changing to "5-IN-ONE" to-day you can be sure of dazzling whiteness in a week's time. Get a tube of "5-IN-ONE" from your chemist, druggist or canteen, to-day. The guarantee protects you.

INCLUDE "5-IN-ONE" IN YOUR PARCELS TO THE BOYS OVERSEAS

Perfect for dentists, too.
Keep them clean,
firm, white,
admirable.

5-IN-ONE Dental Cream 100% AUSTRALIAN



Are YOU Assisting the War Effort? BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Modess SANITARY NAPKINS

The Best
Value
money
can buy!

1/2
BOX OF 12

Do you know that Modess is the lowest priced sanitary napkin you can buy? — 1/2 a box of twelve. That it is the finest made; softest; safest; that it lasts longer than any other? That it is want finest quality and best value, insist on Modess.

Product of Johnson & Johnson.



By day she serves....

by night she fascinates . . .

with Pond's Lips and Pond's Powder

When you step out of your Service clothes — uniform, dungarees, or office frock... you deserve to look your loveliest. And that means Pond's "Lips" and Pond's Powder. Pond's "Lips" not only always get their man, but they stay on longer — noticeably longer. And

Pond's Powder gives your skin that irresistible "orchid" look — no male can resist for long. No wonder — Pond's Powder has the softest, finest texture of all. It's glare-proof, and it clings for hours. Six smart shades of powder and lipstick to choose from at all chemists and stores.



Pond's Powder

Pond's Lipstick



Made by the makers of Pond's Famous Creams

Intimate JOTTINGS

SCORES of congratulatory telegrams from all over Australia for Mrs. R. C. Robison on announcement of news that her husband, Lieutenant-Commander Robison, wins D.S.C.

Small son, Richard, is unmoved by news. Says "Oh, just another medal," when Mrs. Robison rings him at Knox College to tell him.

Is second decoration, in fact. Last year Lieutenant-Commander Robison earns Palestine-General Service Medal.

His wife and Richard only arrive in Sydney recently, and are staying at Ranelagh, Darling Point. Since their return from England two years ago they live in Melbourne.

Mrs. Robison tells me that her husband has served in H.M.S. Barham and ill-fated H.M.S. Repulse.

He is son of Rev. and Mrs. E. C. Robison of Newport, and she was formerly Betty Ashcroft, of Liverpool, N.S.W.

COMPLIMENT attractive Marie Brennan on fiance Don Griffiths' choice of engagement ring . . . he chooses square-cut diamond outlined in tiny stones set in squares. Platinum setting.

Don is in camp in Victoria, but manages to pay flying visit to Sydney this week. Is here for just a few hours.

A romance of six years culminates in the engagement, but no plans are yet made for wedding.

SIX days' leave for Captain S. S. Harris, so he and his new bride spend honeymoon at Forster, on North Coast.

Mrs. Harris was Rosalie McKay McDonald, daughter of late Alex McDonald, and of Mrs. McDonald, of Darling Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Mountbatten give reception at their home at Roseville after quiet wedding.

BUFFET dinner in honor of visiting American Red Cross representative, Mr. Irving Williams . . . hostess is Colleen Borthwick, and dinner is at her flat at T. and G.

Guests are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cayley, Violet Manning, and Father Shanahan, who recently arrived from Manilla.

SEE Mrs. Alan Moxham, of Murrumbateman, Berrawarra. Just before she leaves for home . . . children Robin and Allison are with her.

They enjoy long holiday, most of which is spent in Melbourne, where they stay at Menzies'.

See a good deal of the Wayne Waltons, who have flat at South Yarra for month.

"SO sorry to close flower stall, but drought and transport problem have beaten me for moment," says Lady Davidson when I say I do not see her on duty lately at Comforts Depot in Martin Place.

In last seventeen months Lady Davidson makes \$856 for Lord Mayor's Fund at stall, so it's sad to abandon scheme.

At moment she is at her home at Leura, and staying with her is Mrs. Donald Davidson and infant daughter Caroline.

Her husband, Sir Alfred's nephew, is in Singapore . . . he's a naval lieutenant.

Mrs. Davidson leaves besieged city only few weeks ago.



TWIN SISTERS. Irin (right) and Catherine Youhotsky, in Russian costumes they will wear at Market Day on February 27, in aid of Medical Aid for Russia and Lord Mayor's Fund.



AT MINERVA THEATRE. Judy Playfair and Noreen Maxwell attend performance of "I Killed the Count," in aid of Kindergarten Union funds.



UNPACKING WEDDING PRESENTS. Betty Maxwell (left), who marries Bill Kendall this week at St. Mark's, Darling Point, is aided by sister Margaret, who is bridesmaid.



DIANA and Pamela Myles belong to Wardens' Women's Auxiliary. Deliver supper to wardens.

MILITARY WEDDING. Brigadier and Mrs. R. H. Nienmo marry at All Saints', Woollahra. Both half from Queensland.

Photo: W. H. Smith



CELEBRATING THEIR ENGAGEMENT. Gwynneth Harding and Captain C. J. Miles dine and dance at Prince's. She is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harding, of Waverley.



VISITOR FROM SOURABAYA. Mrs. A. B. Keech takes morning tea with Lady O'Brien, and tells her of Red Cross work in Java.



MOTHER AND SONS. Mrs. Harold Gatty and Alan, Ron, and Lindsay lunch at Prince's before leaving for Melbourne. The boys will attend Geelong Grammar.

Heard Around TOWN

THERE'S city and country interest in announcement of engagement of Barbara Donald and Martin Wykham Chapman. She's the second daughter of Will J. Donald, well-known artist, and Mrs. Donald, of Roseville, and Martin is only son of Mr. D. W. Chapman, of Wagga.

They tell me that wedding is planned for Easter Saturday, so I look up calendar to find date is April 4.

The ceremony is to take place at St. Andrew's Church, Roseville, with a family reception at the Donald home.

LOTS of farewell parties for Mrs. Norman Whiffield, who leaves Sydney for Melbourne to join husband, Lt.-Col. Whiffield, former Director-General of Recruiting in Australia . . . He has new and important post in Victoria.

One party is given by associate members of Lakes Golf Club.

They will miss her enthusiastic efforts for club's War Comforts Fund.

TWO sisters, Shirley and Paula Bridges, give family dinner party at Prince's. Guests of the night are their parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Bridges, whose silver wedding it is.

COUNTRY visitor to town is Mrs. Rex Hodges, of Willaroo, Ashford. Stays with her father, Mr. W. G. Keitt, at home at Roslyn Gardens, Elizabeth Bay.

Genevieve is delighted to have phone call from husband to say he has decided to have a few weeks' holiday, also, and arrives in Sydney some days later.

FOR a visit to town for Mrs. Ron Trail . . . she and daughter Jann are staying with the Tom Windyers at Methilbar, Trangie, for duration.

Comes to Sydney to meet Air Force husband, Flight-Lieutenant Trail, who comes up from Melbourne for one day's leave only.

Mrs. Trail is guest of Miss Rhona White at flat at Edgecliff, during visit.

MELBOURNE visitor Patricia Handley is guest of Mrs. H. B. Garrett at her flat at Vaucluse.

HEAR some news of Sir Philip and Lady Game and children from one of their Sydney friends, Irene Brown, of Mosman, who has long letter from Lady Game.

Rosemary is convalescing after illness . . . works so hard at nursing that she becomes ill herself. On recovery hopes to join W.R.N.S.

Son David is a lieutenant in the Navy, and so doesn't see so much of his family.

SEASIDE vacation for Mr. and Mrs. Ted Body, of Bundaberg, Trangie . . . find them enjoying the surf at Collaroy, where they have taken a cottage.

FAMED Australian artist Fred Leist is painting portrait of Mrs. Angus Lightfoot Walker, formerly Anna Jacobs.

She wears a black velvet gown with an ermine top to set off her dark beauty.

Betty

T

THINKING about it, I wondered if he realised how much Gretel had done for him. Without her, he might drift into the pathetic dissolution I had seen in so many pilots of his restless, unstable type.

But I didn't see him next morning. They called me to take Trip 6 to Newark, and then, coming back the next night, I was landing in a fog at Charleston, overhauled and knocked off a wheel.

So for a few days I was automatically grounded, while the pilots' board met with the V.P. of operations and decided what should be done. The brakes had been bad on that plane, and as it wasn't altogether my fault. But just the same they gave me a month "on the right side," and assigned me to ride with Charley.

For four years I had been working toward my first command, and it didn't seem quite fair, after only three months of that command, to be tossed back for thirty mortified days, a co-pilot again. I felt heartbroken and humiliated and sore as a raw burn.

But riding north on Trip 6 with Charley, I forgot all about that in my amazement at seeing how he had changed. We had not flown together for nearly two years, and this was the first time I had seen him since before he had gone to Alaska. And now he wasn't the same Charley I knew.

I had expected a little consolation from him about my mistake, but I didn't get any. He was in the cockpit when I climbed into the plane. I held out my hand and said: "Hi! Long time no see. How are you?"

He shook hands with me, and his face was a mask. He said in a clipped voice: " Didn't I teach you enough not to overboard a field as big as Charleston?"

"Well," I said, and I felt like crawling under the fire-extinguisher, "you see, it was foggy."

"Sure it was foggy. So what? A child could land one of these crates in fog, on a dime! And what do you do? You overshoot and knock a wheel off—you make a laughing-stock out of me!"

I didn't say anything, because I couldn't think of anything to say. His reasoning floored me. But I began to see what Lucy had meant. The famous Charley Craig—and I had disgraced him! I just sat staring at him. They got the passengers loaded, and Charley took off.

He had changed a lot in his flying. He had always been as smooth as a piece of silk rolling out of its loom. But now he slammed the ship around viciously, taxiing out as if he hated it. It frightened me, the way he did it. Not the flying, but the realization that he cared so little about his job and his pilot's certificate. Because you just don't toss the big crates around, loaded with passengers, and the air full of C.A.A. regulations. If you do, and persist, you get fired, or you get grounded.

But Charley kept on tossing it around, contemptuously, with a grim anger glinting not in his eyes, I didn't have to look very far into the future to know what would happen, at this rate.

Well, it is painful for me to remember that trip, and the trips that followed it. In the air, Charley flew as if seventeen devils were chasing him. And on the ground—I don't like to tell what he did on the ground.

You see, he was famous now. At each stop, when he rolled up to the passenger station, he had his head stuck out of the cockpit window about a yard. There were always people lined up on the fence, waiting to catch a glimpse of the famous Charley Craig.

The first time it happened I said, "What are you looking at?" when I saw him poke his head out the window.

If he had grinned, if he had said it with his old deprecating caustic

Award for Valor

Continued from page 6

humor, it would have been all right. But he didn't. He was perfectly serious. He said: "At my public, punk." And then he said resentfully, "There ought to be more here than this!"

"You must be slipping!" I said acidly. "The great Charley Craig—and he's slipping!" I wanted to sting him. It had hurt me a lot his response to my ground-looping that crate. I wanted to blast him. "What a jackass you turned out to be! No wonder Gretel walked out on you. I don't blame her a bit!"

He seemed to freeze. I had hurt him, all right.

"Where is she?" he said suddenly. His voice was taut and low.

"I don't know," I said.

"Lucy knows," he said acidly.

I didn't say anything.

"I've written her letters—Lucy's sent her the letters. But I've got to talk to her! She's got to come back! I can't say what I mean in a letter."

I took a slow breath, and I had a hard time getting the words out. "I don't know anything about it," I said.

He sat there for a little while. Then, almost explosively, he said: "Well, she'll come back! She'll come back!"

"I hope so," I said. I did hope so. But I knew Charley would have to change before she came back and stayed.

"When I get through with the flight I'm going to make next month, she'll come crawling back," he said confidently. "I'm the greatest pilot who ever lived—and next month the world will know it. She'll come back!"

It was one of those things you don't want to say, but which you feel compelled to say. "Charley," I said, "the trouble is, you're too great now. You haven't got what Gretel wants—what any woman wants—any more."

"Rubbish!" he said, and got up and went down the cabin aisle into the passenger station.

During the next couple of weeks I would have given anything if I could have been flying with somebody else. I just sat up there with him, feeling ashamed of his display of bad taste and vanity before diminishing crowds, listening to him rail about the stupidity of pilots who stayed on the air line.

"Why," he said over and over, "I could fly this run fifty years, with one hand tied behind me! It's ridiculous for me to waste my time. When I get back from this next flight, I'll have enough money to quit—and I'll quit!"

That sort of thing was bad enough, and Charley's flying was worse; it had already got him a warning from the V.P. I knew. But that didn't upset or frighten me nearly as much as his plans.

Because now he was set on outdoing Wiley Post and Howard Hughes at one stroke. He was going on a round-the-world flight, solo, with a hammock strung up above the gas-tanks in the cabin, where he would sleep while the automatic pilot took him through the long jumps.

As soon as he told me, I had a presentiment he'd never come back from that flight. I argued with him in desperation not to go, but he wouldn't listen. I told him I knew he was going to get killed, and he laughed. He never said anything about Gretel, but I knew that by some warped reasoning distilled from the misery of his mind he was going on this flight in the hope of coaxing her back.

We were due out on Trip 5, and it was a black night. We got into our crate on the Newark ramp. I turned on the radio, and had started to check things in the cockpit, when Charley suddenly said:

"Well, kid, this is my last run. It's not be pushing one of these trucks after to-night, I sent in my resignation to-day."

I sat there, feeling a jarring and violent conflict of emotions. Somehow I knew that this was the end of Charley's career, no matter what he hoped to accomplish—and I was afraid it was the end of him.

"I'm sorry you did that," I said. "You won't be," Charley said. "Listen, kid, when I get back—"

Then he was off again, about how famous he would be, about how Gretel would have to come back to him because he was famous. But I didn't listen actually. I was thinking of all the years he and I had been together, and I was thinking that this was the end of something I treasured infinitely in spite of how he had changed.

When the passengers were aboard, right engine tore itself out of its my neck.

I called W.R.E.E. for our clearance, and Charley taxied down to the end of the field and took off. We sliced up into the clouds at eleven hundred feet, and the wet black muck of them blotted out the lights beneath us. There was mild turbulence in the clouds.

It was just after we had levelled off at two thousand feet that I felt a tremor pass through the plane—and it wasn't a bump we had hit. I glanced at Charley. He was sitting there, flying by instruments, his compact face unperturbed.

A moment later the thing came again, more strongly. I leaned over and yelled, "Did you feel that?"

He nodded. "Probably a rounded plug that hasn't had time to clear out," he said.

It could have been a fouled plug. I relaxed. Charley was doing a nice job on instruments, the best job of flying I had seen him do for some time.

But when the vibration struck through the ship once more I knew it wasn't a plug.

I yelled: "Something's wrong with that right engine!"

Charley grinned. "Let 'er rip! When she quits, we'll go back on the other!" For a moment he was

Animal Antics



"He started on a shoe string."

the old Charley, that reckless glint in his eyes, and I admired him vastly. The chances were, it would clear up pretty soon.

But it didn't clear up. It struck once more, and this time it was violent. The right engine bucked, and slowed, and bucked again. And then there was a dull thump that shook my seat under me.

Almost instantly the mist that surrounded the ship was lighted up like a blast furnace. I snatched my side window open to look. A plume of flame was spurting back from the engine. My blood froze in my veins.

"Fire!" I yelled at Charley. "The right engine's on fire!"

Charley said crisply: "We'll never make it back to the field!" And as the words came out he was doing things faster than I ever saw any pilot do them before. And all the time he was flying the ship, nosing down—fast.

As soon as the fire-extinguisher gushed fluid, the flames began to diminish. We plunged toward the earth at fifteen hundred feet a minute. The only hope we had, I knew, was for that fire-extinguisher fluid, before it was exhausted, to beat out the flames.

The burning engine was still "windmilling" from the flow of air over the prop, and it was rough; every time it turned over it shook the whole ship. I sat there, straining my eyes to see what was below us when we broke out of the clouds. I had my hand on the flare-cable handle to drop a flare as soon as we were under the ceiling. The thought seared through my mind that if the ceiling had lowered rapidly since we had shoved out of Newark, we were dead men right now.

But there was ceiling. We popped out at one thousand feet. I took a deep breath of thankfulness when I saw we weren't over a town. We still had a bare chance if we could hit in a field without trees.

"Yell when you want a flare!" I said.

But I never pulled the flare. Because just then, with a dull explosion and a terrible wrench, the right engine tore itself out of its my neck.

BUT I got out, and ran back and helped the passengers out. Then all of us moved to a safe distance and waited for the other tanks to blow up. The passengers were too stunned to say much, and Charley didn't say anything. Yet it was plain to everyone that the only reason we were all not still in that cauldron of flame was because Charley had planned and executed this crash landing in exactly the way he had done.

Standing there within that circle of garish light as the fire consumed the plane, and as farmers and motorists began to assemble from all sides, I thought no matter how good a pilot he himself believed he was, Charley was better than that. He was a whole lot better than that—and as far as I was concerned, he could brag all he wanted to. From now on, I would help him . . .

Later, after the passengers and the company brass hats had arranged a dinner in his honor, where they planned to present him with an award for his bravery and skill—it occurred to me that if Gretel could only understand how wonderful he really was in most ways she could tolerate that blatant egotism which had become his great fault.

So, because it seemed so tragic and so utterly needless that they had separated, and because he needed her I wired Lucy to bring her to New York to that dinner. I was determined to try to make her see how great he was. Perhaps I should have told Charley, but I was afraid to.

He had no idea she was there until we went in with Mr. Canton, the airline's president, to sit down at the speaker's table. And there were Lucy and Gretel, waiting to meet us. The enormous dining-room was filled with big names of the aviation industry, and many reporters, and the passengers who had been on that plane; and there was a low, tumultuous rumble of voices all around.

Yet to me that sound seemed to dissolve into a silence filled with an infinite tension as Gretel and Charley came face to face.

"Hello, Charley," Gretel said. She glanced at me, and said, "Hello, Bill," and then looked back at him. Her blue eyes were level and appraising and very reserved, as if she were a little afraid Charley might make a scene; and I got the impression that she didn't really want to be here at all. I wondered how Lucy had prevailed on her to come, if that was true.

But Charley didn't make a scene. Seeing her, his face filled with a sort of startled pleasure and relief. He exclaimed, "Gretel!" and started to reach involuntarily to touch her, but checked the impulse self-consciously. He recovered quickly from the confusion of his surprise. "Well," he said pleasantly, but with an obvious effort to keep his voice casual. "I'm glad to see you!" It made my throat tighten to see how glad and eager and happy he was.

They had only that moment to talk, because just then Mr. Canton came up with Mr. Walters, who had been one of the passengers on the plane that night; and there were the introductions to Lucy and Gretel, and the business of getting seated at the semicircular table. Mr. Canton sat in the centre, with Charley on his right, and Mr. Walters next to her. I sat on Mr. Canton's left, with Lucy beside me.

From where I was sitting I could see all the others. Mr. Canton was monopolising Charley, and I heard him say: "I got your resignation, but I haven't had time to act on it yet. I'm sorry you're leaving the line."

Mr. Walters was giving Gretel all his attention. From occasional snatches of conversation I heard, I knew he was telling her what a wonderful job Charley had done, and what a fine pilot he was, and how everybody in this room was here to pay him honor. Gretel was listening, sweet and gracious enough; but I could see she didn't really feel any of it.

"Doesn't she realise what he's done?" I whispered to Lucy, and I must have sounded vehement about it. "He did something no pilot could be expected to do—he wasn't even human when it was happening—he sat there like a god that even fire and death couldn't frighten!"

"Why, darling!" Lucy said, low—she was smiling provocatively. "You're really poetical! Why, I love it!"

Please turn to page 30

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM ZGB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, February 19.—Ms.

Edwards and Gooch Rehearsal

THURSDAY, February 20.—Ms.

Gooch, Rehearsal

MONDAY, February 24.—"Precious

Memories"

FRIDAY, February 28.—"Musical

Alphabet."

SATURDAY, February 29.—"Gooch

Rehearsal presents "Musical Mystery."

SUNDAY, February 23.—"Highway

Opera."

MONDAY, February 23.—W.M.C. the

ALF. Overseas.

TUESDAY, February 24.—The

Australian Women's Weekly pur-

Geous Gooch, Rehearsal, "Gems of

Melody and Thought."

"Well, I don't like rough-necks!" she declared warmly. "Fernandes is brutal, perhaps without meaning to be. But I guess he's honest enough."

"Who handles the transportation of the ore?"

"Dougal has a little steamboat that tows the scows down the river to the falls, where it is lowered in an elevator and transhipped up here to Para by the monthly river boat. That is—when he has ore to ship. The steamboat is run by a native crew under Captain O'Reilly."

"Ah, an Irishman!"

"On the contrary," she said, a bit grimly. "Captain O'Reilly is coal black. His mother was a descendant from the early negro slaves and his father—well, his father was a transient Irish seaman who never knew he had a son."

"Hummum. And your opinion of O'Reilly?"

"That's difficult to answer and have it mean anything. Personally, I am very fond of him, and I think he is perfectly honest in so far as Dougal is concerned."

"That's ambiguous. A man's either square or crooked."

She made a little clucking sound of exasperation. "I tell you things are different down here. Things we North Americans regard as absolutely dishonest, these people believe to be quite honest. O'Reilly might, for instance, steal the shirt off a stranger's back, but I'm sure he would give his life before he'd willingly let anyone steal the least thing from Ian Dougal."

"I see. Anyone else in a key position?"

She hesitated. "No—o. I don't think so."

"You haven't mentioned the office force," he pointed out.

She was frankly hostile. "Don't you think you might restrain your professional tendency to suspect people until you at least meet them?" she said bitterly.

"Miss Ames," said Mark. "Are you telling me how to conduct an investigation?"

She flushed angrily and turned away. Mark kept his eyes on her face.

"What about the bookkeeper—young Dave Liggett?"

Her eyes flamed. "What are you insinuating?"

"I merely asked you a question about one more employee," he reminded her. "Have you any personal reason for not answering?"

She bit her lip. "You can be utterly contemptible!" she grated. "Yes, I know Dave Liggett. He's a gentleman, for one thing, with an excellent background. And if you want to know it, I recommend him to Dougal. Now try to make something out of that, cop!"

She turned away from him and walked off alone.

Mark pursed his lips thoughtfully and let her go. So, she's touchy about this guy Liggett, he mused. Hmmm!

He followed at a discreet distance. On reaching the hotel, Irene went directly to her room. Mark hung around the lobby for an hour, smacking, then he, too, turned in. He decided that he would tell her about Ian Dougal first thing in the morning.

But Irene wasn't in the lobby when he came down next morning. He inquired at the desk, and to his surprise learned that she had already gone out.

As he turned towards the dining-room a sergeant of police touched his arm. Two other officers ranged along on either side of him.

"It is with regret, Senhor Crosby," said the sergeant stiffly. "I announce you under arrest, if you please!"

"What on earth for?" demanded Mark, but the policemen were already searching him.

"You're barking up the wrong tree!" growled Mark. "What's this all about?"

But the sergeant had grown uncommunicative, and on finding Mark's revolver, he became grim. Mark realized that resistance would be futile so he accompanied the officers to a police car parked in front of the hotel. As he stepped into it, he heard a familiar roar. He paused, and looked up...

The big Sikorsky made a slow circle and vanished over the jungle!

The Delegacia da Policia was a low, one-story building with pale blue walls. Two sentries stood with fixed bayonets, rigidly at attention, as the sergeant led Mark through the arch into a long, bare room where sat a slim, important-man-

Continuing . . . River of Doubt

from page 5

nered young officer behind an ancient roll-topped desk.

One of the policemen jerked Mark's hat off his head and thrust it into his hand. The sergeant laid Mark's revolver before the lieutenant.

"Eos this yours, Senhor?" demanded the latter.

"Certainly, it's mine," Mark said. "I'm an American police officer. But that gun isn't the reason I was brought here. What is it?"

The lieutenant shrugged. "I do not comprehend," he murmured indifferently.

The sergeant growled a command but Mark ignored him and banged the desk with his fist.

"Wait a minute!" he shouted. "You're not going to toes me in jail without an explanation! Either you start remembering your English, or dig up someone who can!"

The lieutenant shot out of his chair, unbuttoned the flap of his coat, and wrapped his thin hand around the butt of a German Luger.

Mark couldn't help grinning. "All right," he grunted, "you're behind the gun this time."

The officer barked with machine-gun rapidity. Mark thought he caught something about a magistrate, but he couldn't be sure. When the sergeant tapped him on the arm again, he nodded and followed the other down a long, tunnel-like corridor to a barred door set in an arch.

A squat, fat gaoler was killing in a wooden deck-chair. He got up, waddled ahead, and opened a small cell. Mark went inside and the door closed shut.

The air was foul. Mark jerked off his coat and sat down on the edge of the single pipe-birth chained to the wall. Never before had he felt so utterly helpless for the handicap of language left him unable to communicate his thoughts.

The gun complicated his predicament. While it was obviously not the cause of his arrest, the police could, if they chose, make the issue purely on the grounds that he, an alien, was carrying a loaded revolver.

On that charge they could gaoil him indefinitely.

Suddenly he thought of Stefan Bruenzli. The lawyer had said he was leaving to-day, but if he could get word to him—he went through his pockets until he found Bruenzli's card, then picked up a tin cup and slashed it back and forth across the bars of his cell door until the beefy gaoler brought the lieutenant.

The engraved card printed in Portuguese apparently impressed the officer, for he turned on his heel and walked quickly back to his own office. The gaoler surveyed Mark in disgust, then waddled away down the corridor.

The hours seemed interminable for it wasn't until nearly noon that Bruenzli was finally admitted to the cell, immaculate in whites, with a wide-brimmed Panama slanted jauntily over one eye. Mark couldn't remember when he was quite so glad to see anyone.

"What in the name of heaven brought you here?" Bruenzli exclaimed, grabbing Mark's hand.

"That's what I'm trying to find out," Mark said.

Bruenzli grinned. "Just a minute and I'll get rid of this fat barbarian." He turned on the gaoler. "Va embora!" The gaoler bowed humbly and paddled away.

Bruenzli pushed his hat back and lit a cigarette. "You were fortunate to catch me," he admitted. "Nita and I were just leaving the hotel when your call came. Naturally I changed my plans at once. Where is the lovely Miss Ames? They did not arrest her, as well?"

"I don't know," Mark said. "She's probably wondering what happened to me."

"My heavens, man! Haven't you sent for your consul?"

Mark hesitated. "He's out of the city. The point is—I was carrying a revolver, but that wasn't the reason why I was arrested."

Bruenzli whistled softly. "Whew! That complicates it a little. What was the idea of the gun?"

"Habit, I suppose. I used to be a detective."

"You, a detective? That is a surprise!" Bruenzli inhaled deeply, and let the smoke dribble out of his nose.

After a long, thoughtful pause he said: "Of course I'll do what I can for you, my boy. I don't want to pry into your personal business here in Brazil, but I'll have to offer some explanation. Tourists don't usually carry loaded revolvers."

"MANGANESE

lad. It's a war baby for they need it to make steel for their guns. When, three years ago, I located this outcropping of pyro-hite, the world was at peace. Manganese was coming from Russia and India, and the price was down to normal.

"I had no trouble getting a decent concession for the unknown land, but now that the world is upside down with wars and hard steel getting more valuable than gold, as you might say, there are some that want to force me out of my holdings."

"When I refuse to sell, they turn their dirty tricks on me. They sabotage my property, terrorise my workmen, and now—they shoot me in the back!"

"Just who are they, Scotty?"

"That's a difficult question to answer," grumbled the old man. "Things just happen—who exactly is behind it I don't know. I've been too busy trying to put out the fire to find out who started it, in a manner of speaking. But the point is this: by the terms of my concession contract, I have to ship out a certain stipulated amount of high-grade ore."

"Up to a few months ago, that was a simple matter. Then the trouble started, and this last four months we've done practically nothing. If it keeps up for another six days—I'm through."

"Haven't you any idea who's causing the trouble?"

"Ideas, aye. There's a gang of young cut-throats that have formed one of those colored-shirt mobs—green shirts, they were—patterned after them brown-shirted murderers in Europe. They call themselves the Partido Patriota Nacional, the National Patriotic Party. They yelp a lot about Brazil for Brazilians, but it's nothing but a European-backed scheme to chase American interests out of South America."

"So?"

Ian Dougal shut his eyes and took several long, slow breaths before continuing.

"I heard rumors that the leader is a certain Captain Schneider, an old hand at dirty Latin American politics," he said wearily. "He gives his allegiance, not to Brazil, but to some Dictator abroad. Fernandez my foreman, knows Schneider of old, but thinks he's not in the country."

"That I can't say, but that manganese is important to our country, lad, and I hate to see her cheated out of it by a lot of European black-mailers!"

"I'd like to take a crack at it, Scotty," said Mark.

"Good!" said the old man. "Take over, boy!" From under his pillow he brought out a large envelope and tossed it on the bed. "There's a letter to Fernandez, and one to O'Reilly, who'll meet you at the head of the falls. If by some miracle you can plug up the leaks and get out a couple of hundred tons a day for the next sixty days . . ."

Please turn to page 30

2GB Talent Quest for Children

Two young people, Judy Young and Reg Johnston, of 2GB, are responsible for a radical change in radio entertainment for children.

Judging by their success they were correct when they insisted that young people like to listen to other young people rather than to adults.

THIS Friday Judy and Reg will launch a new children's programme, "The Children's Theatre of the Air," and it is in the form of a junior talent quest for boys and girls under 21.

It will be broadcast from 2GB between 5 and 5.15, and 5.30 and 6 p.m. every Friday evening, with a break of a quarter of an hour for the B.B.C. News Broadcast.

The actual broadcast will come from 2GB's new Macquarie Auditorium, and the contestants will appear on the stage.

The contests will be divided into four sections—Instrumental, singing, acting and school choir. The first three sections will be run on a process of elimination—semifinals and finals—and a cash prize of £2.2/- for each section will be awarded every two months.

In the fourth section, school choirs, various metropolitan schools have been invited to enter their



JUDY YOUNG and REG JOHNSTON.

"Children's Theatre of the Air" that they have the necessary talent to make professional artists.

Each broadcast will be performed before an audience of 300 people.

Children wishing to take part in this talent quest can get in touch with the "Youth Show," has offered to give an audition to any who prove through their appearance in the

Easy to make from . . .

Fashion PATTERNS



F2224

F2225

F3303

F2224.—Pleats falling from shield-shaped pockets distinguish this smart day frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2225.—Suit in silk or lightweight wool. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3303.—Trim frock for a small girl. 6 to 12 years. Requires 3½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/4.

F2842.—Practical and attractive pyjama suit. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F3252.—Gracefully draped afternoon frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 5½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F2226.—Shirtmaker top and full skirt make a becoming dinner gown. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 7½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/10.

F3140.—Pointed bodice yoke of this frock is repeated in the hipline. 32 to 38 bust. Requires 4½yds. 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/7.



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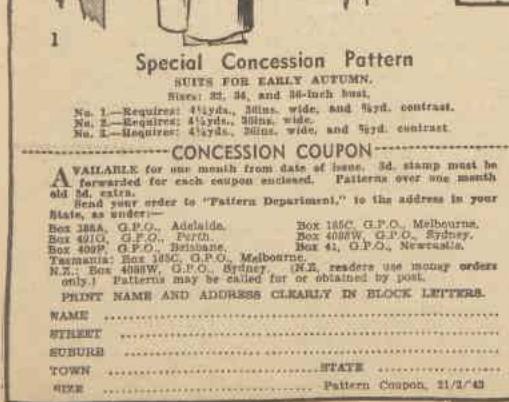
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F2842

F3140

F8252

Two hundred tons!" gasped Irene. "Why, Ian, you used to be glad to muck out seventy-five tons a day."

"Aye, but we're that far behind it'll take two hundred to catch up. Your biggest problem, lad, will be the men, Fernandez and O'Reilly, especially the Portuguese. If you lose him, you may as well cash in your chips and go home, for he controls the men. He don't take kindly to authority, for he's a rebel in fact as well as fancy. He's a man-killer. But I'd never question his loyalty." "And O'Reilly?"

Dougal smiled faintly. "They don't come any finer than that African Irishman." He closed his eyes and sank deeper into the pillow. "It's too bad Irene can't go up with you, lad."

Mark grimmed in spite of himself. "That's a shame," he admitted. "Obviously it's no place for a woman."

Irene glared at him. "But I am going up to the mine, Ian!" she protested.

He opened his eyes, frowning. "You can't! I forbid it! With shooting and fighting and murder! No, no! Back to the States you go."

Her face was scarlet, and she bit her lip nervously. Mark nodded sagely. "Scotty's right, Irene. It's no place for a pretty youngster."

She looked furious, but just then the nurse came in to warn them their time was up, so she rose and placed a hand on Dougal's shoulder.

"Now don't you worry, Ian," she said softly. "Mark will fix up everything." She threw a spiteful glance. "I'll get his tickets and arrange the trip."

ROTT!" I said. "I wanted her here so she could see what those people think of him. If she can realise how great he is, she can put up with his egotism."

Lucy said: " Didn't it ever occur to you that his greatness is what's been wrong all along? It was driving her crazy!"

"But if she doesn't come back to him now, he won't care what happens. He may get killed just because—"

"If he really loves her, why can't he change—why can't he give her a little companionship—why can't he be human?" Lucy stopped abruptly. She squeezed my hand, under the table. "Darling, let's not fight about them! It's been a week since I've seen you. I'm so thankful you're safe! What happened?"

"A cylinder broke off at the base, and knocked the oil sump—"

"Could it happen again?" Lucy demanded quickly.

"No. As soon as they found out what caused it, the manufacturer designed new cylinders, and the company's changing them all. It won't happen again."

"I hope not!" Lucy said, and shivered.

Well, as soon as the dinner was over, Mr. Canton got up, and made a speech about air transport; he said a lot of nice things about Charley, and said he was sorry he couldn't persuade Charley to stay with the line, instead of resigning and making another big flight. Then Mr. Canton introduced Mr. Walters, who was the president of one of the largest steel companies in the country. Mr. Walters got up and made a short speech.

He said that no matter how much aeroplanes were improved in the future, they would still be machines, and would have little mishaps occasionally, and big mishaps once in a great while. He said it was the pilots of those planes who must determine whether big mishaps became tragedies or just exciting memories.

After that he told how Charley had come from a farm in Indiana as a boy, and how he had started to fly. He outlined Charley's flights to Alaska and London, and said that in a few weeks the world would be thrilling to new headlines as Charley circled the globe. Then he said it was because of Charley's great flights, and what he had learned on them that he had been able to meet the emergency a few nights ago, and that while the passengers on the plane owed him for their lives, all aviation owed him a debt it could never forget or repay.

Finally he told what Charley had done his decision to pick a field instead of trying to return to the airports, his amazingly quick thinking in hitting that tree to cut the wing off and turn the plane around so it would be tail away from the fire.

River of Doubt

Continued from page 28

As they passed down the wide, curving staircase, Irene said: "Mark, I think it was particularly contemptible of you to try and keep me from going up to the mine, after I got you out of gaol."

He stopped and stared at her. "You got me out!" She planted her fists on her hips.

"Well, I like that! I spend a broiling day going feminine on a lot of smirking politicians to explain what an innocent saint you are—and now you ask me if I got you out of gaol! Merciful Heavens! Did you think it was your own devastating personality that won your freedom?"

"Perhaps I hardly suspected such devotion," he grunted.

She stepped back, her face pale. "At the risk of nicking your insufferable conceit, Mister Crosby, let me assure you that anything I did, or may do, is for Ian Dougal alone!"

With which she turned and ran down the stairs.

By eight o'clock next morning Mark had said good-bye to Irene, and was standing aboard the Almirante Alexandrino, the little side-wheeled steamer that was to take him up the river to the falls where O'Reilly would meet him.

The engines began to vibrate. The Almirante Alexandrino shed her stern lines and eased out into the stream. The ancient paddle-wheels churned her stumpy nose against the current.

Para crept out of sight behind a spit in the river and they entered the jungle. It closed around them, leaving no opening that Mark could see.

He flipped the butt of his cigarette overboard and leaned his elbows on the rail. It hardly seemed possible that all this was actually real; that less than two weeks ago he had been disconsolately pounding the pavements of an American metropolis in a vain search for work.

He felt a touch on his arm, and found Irene standing beside him.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

Her face was pale. "I'm going with you, Mark," she said nervously. "I just had to come."

"You're not!" he growled. "You got your orders from Scotty about that! You're getting off!"

"I can't, Mark! There's no place to get off, and no way of getting back."

He turned to the rail. "Well, you're not going up to the mine—that's final!"

She sucked in her breath. "I'm going up with or without you!"

Mark started to argue, then changed his mind. He stared glumly at the shore.

Irene slipped an arm through his. "Please, Mark," she coaxed earnestly, "can't we be friends?"

He looked down into her upturned face, and his anger melted. "You're a peculiar kid," he grumbled.

"I really mean it," she said. "I'm scared, Mark! So scared it makes me sick inside. Not for myself, but—well, that we should fail. I keep thinking of Scotty and what this means to him and then the bigger reasons behind it all. Do you realise the implication, Mark?"

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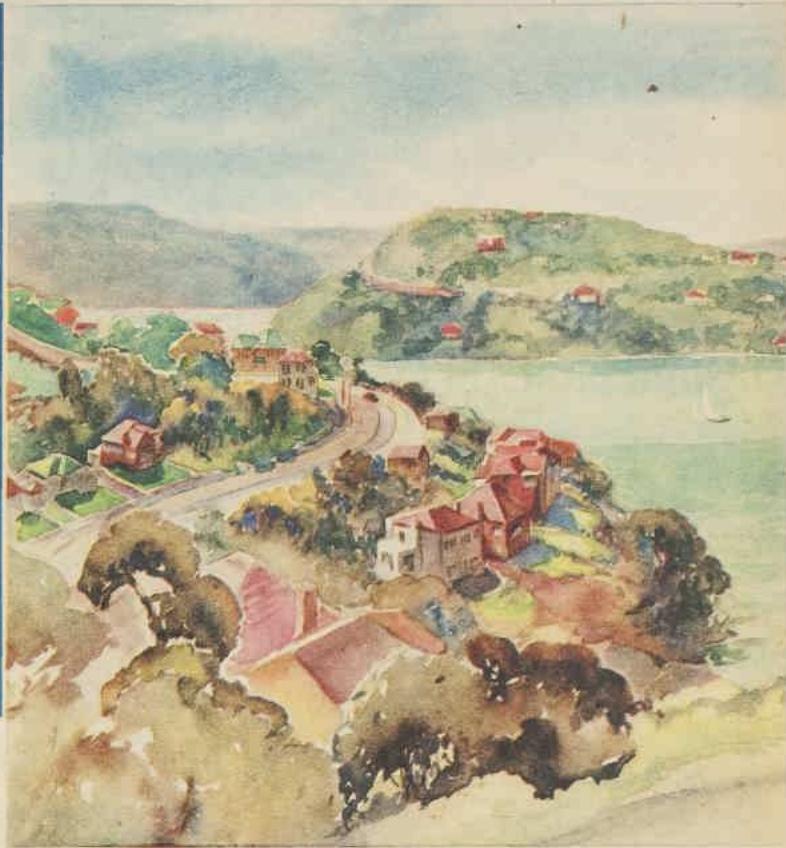
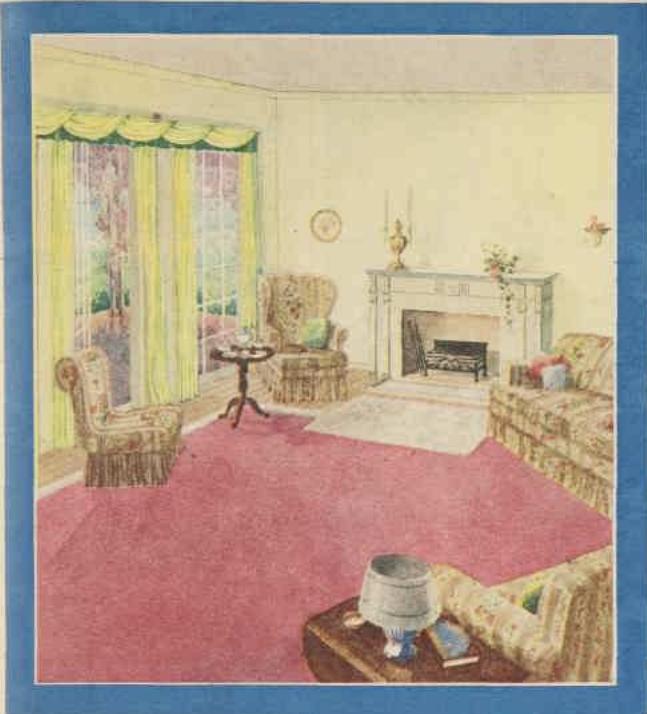
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She sucked in her breath. "I'm going up with or without you!"

Mark started to argue, then changed his mind. "You're a peculiar kid," he grumbled.

"I really mean it," she said. "I'm scared, Mark! So scared it makes me sick inside. Not for myself, but—well, that we should fail. I keep thinking of Scotty and what this means to him and then the bigger reasons behind it all. Do you realise the implication, Mark?"



- INVITATION to rest and relaxation . . . Spacious living-room (above) will be furnished for comfort and enduring charm. Beautifully sprung chairs and settee have slip covers in a lovely patterned linen.
- DECORATIVE french doors open on to terrace and the delightful panoramic view, section of which is shown at right. Focal point of this room on cold, wintry nights will be the glowing hearth.
- CLEVERLY conceived lighting fixtures are an important feature.

From the Dream Home . . .

ROOMS WITH A VIEW

HERE on this page you see an artist's impression of lounge, dining-room, and girl's bedroom. At top right you glimpse one of the glorious views from the £5000 Dream Home which has been given the Red Cross by The Australian Women's Weekly.



- ENCHANTING is the right word for the girl's room, shown above. Cross-over curtains of white, self-spotted organdy froth to the floor from the wide windows, where, for privacy, Venetian blinds are used. Isn't the bed just adorable?
- THE candy-stripe fabric theme of bed, chair and stool is continued in the trieve above the very attractive built-in dressing-table. Novel touch, don't you agree?
- THE gracious and lovely dining-room (shown left) opens off the living-room with swing-back doors. Doors also lead into kitchen, to the wide terrace at front, and patio at rear of house. Furniture is Sheraton period. The very comfortable chairs are upholstered in linen. Curtains fall in soft folds from the draped valance.



Instant First Aid

Always have 'Elastoplast' First Aid ready at hand. This instant treatment is the quickest, safest, most comfortable way of dealing with all minor injuries. Simply clean the wound, strip off the protective muslin from the dressing, apply antiseptic pad, and press down the adhesive.

'Elastoplast' Dressings exclude dirt and stay in place until the wound has healed. They are elastic, flesh-coloured, and barely noticeable.

Never neglect the smallest injury, never use old bits of rag. 'Elastoplast' First Aid Dressings are safe. Sold by all chemists in unmistakable **RED** tins, 10d. and 1/10.

DESPITE WAR CONDITIONS we shall endeavour to maintain reasonable supplies to chemists for regular customers.



PAIN
you can't
"explain"

Blessed New Relief for
Girls who Suffer
Every Month.

WHEN pain, headache and muscular cramps are so bad that you can hardly drag your legs along . . . and you feel that all you want to do is sit down and cry . . . why don't you try a couple of Myzone tablets with water or a cup of tea.

They bring complete, immediate, safe relief from period pain, headache and sick-feeling—without the slightest "doping." Nurses who used to suffer the most exhausting, dragging pain every month—and business girls who dreaded making mistakes because of "foggy" mind—say Myzone relief is quicker, more lasting than anything else they've known.



"Myzone not only gives great relief but seems to keep my complexion clear, as I used to get pimples." M.P.
★ The secret is Myzone's amazing Actevin (anti-spasm) compound. Try Myzone with your next "pain." All chemists.

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NOVEMBER LILIES are fragrant and decorative. They can be transplanted or set out now in the semi-shaded border.

RAISING LILIUMS

• In this article our Home Gardener gives expert advice on growing these decorative beauties from bulbs—and seeds.

DEvote a little time to the raising of seeds and your reward will be surprising, for nearly all the newest and best lilies have come to us from natural or artificial crossing.

The few years of waiting which intervene between the sowing of the seed and the flowering of the plant are often compensated for by the production of plants of really choice quality.

The seed of most varieties, with the exception of lilliums auratum, speciosum and Henryi, will ripen in time for autumn sowing. The ingredients required are a soil mixture consisting of one part loam, one part leafmould, and one part peatmoss or very well-decayed cow manure. A well-drained cold-frame, with deeply-prepared, mellow soil, offers ideal conditions for the germination of lily seeds.

The seeds may be either broadcast or sown in rows, and should be covered with about 1 inch of soil. If the soil is naturally heavy, and very retentive of moisture, dig the soil out to about 18 inches deep, and place a layer of cinders at the bottom. This should extend in all directions, and not be merely underneath the bulb.

If planting established bulbs of flowering size between now and May, choose a semi-shady spot where the soil is fairly rich and light, and plant them at least twice their diameter in depth. Some lilies need to be planted seven to eight inches deep.

Lily bulbs that have shrivelled badly during storage should be soaked in water to plump up for an hour or two before being planted.

When planting ripe, mature lily bulbs, dig the holes with a small spade or trowel, line the bottom of the hole with sand, and cover the bulb with sand. This will prevent eelworms from causing trouble.

Place a stake in position where each big bulb has been planted, and tie on a name tag. This will obviate any trouble in recognising the varieties when they come up, and will warn the gardener when cultivating that the bulb is near the stake.

Some of the best varieties for present sowing are lilliums auratum, canadense, elegans, Hansoni, Henryi, Harisi, speciosum, tigrinum, testaceum, sulphureum, regale, snowdrift, candidum, davuricum, pardalinum, sargentiae, and sulphureum hybrids.

Good drainage is absolutely necessary for lilies, the bulbs of which rot off quickly in water-logged soil. If the soil is naturally heavy, and very retentive of moisture, dig the soil out to about 18 inches deep, and place a layer of cinders at the bottom. This should extend in all directions, and not be merely underneath the bulb.

Fresh manure should not be placed too near lilies, which object to heating material. If old manure is not obtainable, place the manure about eight inches below the bulb, cover with several inches of soil, then some sand, and fill in with soil containing some leafmould or good compost.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

A MOTHER needs radiant health in order adequately to cope with the physical, mental, and spiritual needs of her young family, and yet many busy mothers say that they have no time to spare for rest and recreation.

Again, many complain of headaches and backaches during the first months of motherhood, but will not seek medical advice and treatment.

Good health is a very tangible asset in life, and it is every mother's duty to herself as well as to her family to see that she possesses this

asset and to submit herself to medical examination and treatment when necessary.

A leaflet dealing with this subject has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

WHO WANTS TO LOOK YOUNG

Amazing
Discovery
ENDS
LINES

WOMEN
OF 50
CAN LOOK
35

A new precious extract of skin cells—just like the vital elements in a healthy young girl's skin. Discovered by a famous University Professor. Obtained by him from carefully selected young animals. Make this TEST!

"Biocel" is now contained in Crème Tokalon Biocel. Apply it every night. Every minute while you sleep your skin absorbs these vital elements. Every morning when you wake up your skin is clearer, fresher, smoother—YOUNGER. During the day use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing). By this simple treatment any woman can make herself look ten years younger. Have a marvellous skin and complexion of which any young girl would be proud. Successful results positively guaranteed with Tokalon Creams or money refunded. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

New Under-arm
Cream Deodorant
Safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure—white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Laboratory tests prove Arrid is entirely harmless to any fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

ARRID

2/- a Jar. Also in 9d. jars.

At all chemists and stores selling toilet goods. Distributors: Passett & Johnson Ltd., Sydney.

Freckles

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try the remedy for freckles with the guarantee that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles—while it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of Kinthe—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kinthe, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calsomol—And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of Bile into your bowel daily. If this bile is not used it becomes stagnant. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Liver Pills are not the answer. A mere bowel movement does not always do the trick. Take those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and away." Harmless, gentle, you can't imagine how well they work. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else! 7/3

LESSONS IN LOVELINESS



THE BEST facial treatment is a good scrubbing with soap and water twice a day, rinsing the skin afterwards with ice-cold water—if you can get it.



ONE HUNDRED STROKES nightly with a stiff brush keeps your hair soft and shining. And brush your teeth thoroughly after every meal to keep them white and sparkling. Remember, they are a very precious asset now and always.

Written specially for schoolgirls by our Beauty Expert

WHEN lessons are put aside and you get the chance to do a little private thinking, how often your mind turns to the rosy future . . . I know!

You visualise yourself a raving beauty distributing largesse to the less fortunate and you see one, two—nay, a dozen—handsome young gentlemen kneeling at your feet and craving your white, languid hand.

Lovely, lovely thoughts . . . You rise and walk majestically to the mirror and your eyes pop with horror! You see a scrawny face or a plump round one, a snub nose, round eyes, mousy hair or black when it should be golden, just too terrible for words in your critical eyes.

But girls, take heart.

Follow a simple beauty treatment from now on and you'll be very lovely some day. Yes, you will.

Every morning on arising, drink a glass of water, bathe yourself carefully, clean your teeth till they sparkle, brush your hair and dress

THE GIRL in the picture above, Virginia Weidler, bright MGM starlet, a schoolgirl, too, demonstrates in accompanying pictures a few of the daily beauty treatments for ladies of her own important age.

it neatly. Brush your dress carefully, your hat. Polish your shoes until they shine like a mirror in the sun.

Always keep yourself fresh and neat looking—well-groomed is the word.

Give your hair one hundred

strokes nightly and shampoo it yourself carefully every week-end.

Smile whenever you can, speak nicely, be courteous to everybody; be thoughtful, considerate of your parents, and I guarantee you'll develop into one of the loveliest ladies of the land!

A FIRST-AID KIT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

THESE requirements should be kept in a portable chest or box. Small compartments can be made to hold jar, bottles, instruments, etc. The chest or box, however, should be covered. A top-opening flap can be easily attached to the box.

1. Sterile Dressings: Bandages or strips of clean white rag may be sterilised by baking in a warm oven for two hours. Place the selected material in a conveniently-sized tin or jar, and secure the lid before sterilising. After baking, place the container, unopened, in the medicine chest. Do not remove the lid until the contents are needed.

2. Swabs and Gauze: Cotton-wool swabs (about one to two inches in diameter) may be prepared from a roll of cotton-wool by plucking off a suitable amount and rolling it into a ball. These swabs are useful to clean a wound or apply antiseptic. Sterile gauze should be cut into 2-inch squares. Swabs and gauze

"Medico" lists simple requirements . . . Get them together now!

should be sterilised and kept in a tin or jar in the same way as bandages.

3. Adhesive Plaster: The modern elastic plaster is easier to manipulate. But, like all plaster, it tends to deteriorate. Renew it every six months.

4. Mild Antiseptic Lotion, such as 1 in 500 watery solution of Acriflavine.

5. Tannic Acid Jelly: For use in the case of burns, scalds, and abrasions. A solution of tannic acid in water (about one teaspoonful in a glass of water), made up freshly each time, may be used if the jelly is not available.

6. Petroleum Jelly sterilised in the oven.

7. Jar of Common Salt: A solution of salt (one teaspoonful in one tumbler of water) makes an effective gargle, mouthwash or bathing fluid for wounds. A strong solution of salt is an effective emetic.

8. Castor Oil: For treating minor eye injuries.

9. Instruments: A pair of fine, sharp scissors and a pair of large and small forceps, and a small sharp razor or scalpel. A few sterile safety razor blades are useful for "shaving down" the skin to remove splinters. These may be kept sterilised in a tin similar to the dressings. Two camel-hair brushes and two medicine droppers should also be included.

10. Splints: Smooth slats of pine (various widths and lengths) for use as splints. The sides of fruit-cases make good splints.

Fundamental rules should be pasted inside the first-aid chest or box, or on cardboard placed within the chest for quick and easy reference.

"They're lovely," she said. "For brother is the flower who loves them." he answered admiringly. "Dare I hope that one day she might bloom for me alone."

THE PICTURE THAT MADE NANCY THINK:

"**HER STORY COULD BE MINE**"



And it could be yours too! If she but learns the art of fascination, ANY girl can make herself the heroine of some true-life romance—more thrilling, by far, than fiction. But one thing most men demand is a flower-like skin. And here, Erasmic Face Powder will help to give your complexion the delicate soft bloom of a freshly unfurled rose. Even its haunting fragrance suggests some lovely garden at close of day.

RACHEL, PEACH, BRUNETTE, SUNTAN AND NATURAL

ERASMIC CREAM (VANISHING OR COLD) 1/8 PER TUBE OR JAR

ERASMIC FACE POWDER 1/8

**Lovely Dressing
YOU'LL AGREE**



A SALAD dressed with Heinz Mayonnaise is dressed in perfect taste. For Heinz Mayonnaise is rich—creamy—delicious—the sort of Mayonnaise that you'd delight in making if you had the time . . . and all the Heinz ingredients.

57
Mayonnaise
by
HEINZ

MM-2

A feast for
the eyes
and palate...

WARM WEATHER DINNERS

Specially planned for
homemakers by Mary
Forbes, cookery expert
to *The Australian
Women's Weekly*.

LIGHT, satisfying and so easily prepared, moderately priced, dietetically balanced, and appetising . . . what more can one ask of a dinner menu?

The four suggested menus published below have been tested—and tasted. We like them and feel sure you will.

Here are the main recipes:

MOCK QUAIL

One and a half pounds thin veal steaks, 1 cup chopped celery or grilled carrot with celery salt, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon milk or stock, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon melted butter or bacon fat, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, pepper and salt, 1 lb. bacon rashers.

Trim veal and cut into about six portions. Combine crumbs, butter or bacon fat, celery or carrot, parsley and mint and season well; add a little stock or milk if not moist enough. Shape this seasoning into six rolls and wrap a slice of veal around each roll. Brush with milk and roll in crumbs. Skewer a piece of bacon around each mock bird and place on a baking rack. Baste once with hot fat and then cover with kitchen paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 50 minutes.

ALMOND CREAM

Half-pint milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 egg, 2 or 3 peach leaves or almond essence, 1 tablespoon sugar.

Heat milk and sugar with the peach leaves for 2 or 3 minutes, leaving a little cold milk to blend with cornflour. Remove peach leaves and stir in blended cornflour. Bring to the boil and simmer 3 minutes. Cool slightly and beat in the egg-yolk and then whisk in the stiffly-beaten egg-white. If peach leaves are not obtainable flavor with almond essence. Chill and serve with sliced fresh or small whole skinned peaches or stewed dried peaches. This fruit served cold with fresh or scalded almond-flavored whipped cream is delicious.

CREAM CHEESE

One quart milk (fresh or on the turn), flavoring such as 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce or a few capers or caraway seeds or few drops of onion juice or few sprigs of parsley, 1 dessertspoon vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, cayenne pepper.

Add vinegar or lemon juice to milk and allow to clot. Add salt and a dash of cayenne. Place in an enamel saucepan and bring to blood-heat. Strain through a fine cloth over a basin. Tie mixture in cloth and hang over the basin for 24 hours.

HONEY CRUMBED APRICOTS

One and half dozen apricot halves, 1 gill milk, 1 teaspoon honey, 1 dessertspoon rice flour, 1 egg, flour, bread, cake, or biscuit crumbs, sauce of 1 pint apricot juice or water, honey to sweeten, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 1 tablespoon apricot jam or puree.

Tinned, fresh, or soaked dried apricots may be used. Blend the rice flour with a little milk, add to the remainder with the honey and cook until thick. Stir in half the beaten egg and allow to cool. Fill half the apricot halves with this cream and cover with the remaining halves, flour and egg and breadcrumb and deep fry. Serve with a sauce made from the apricot juice, honey and jam thickened with the arrowroot.



MOCK QUAIL is the provocative name of this dish. Sweet corn fills each tomato. Note the way the tomatoes are trimmed. Clever little touches like these give interest to the meal. See recipe on this page. You'll want to try it!

SUGGESTED MENUS: A FINE QUARTET

No. 1
Minted Orange Salad
Mock Quail
Tomatoes, Sweet Corn
Potato Crisps
Chilled Peaches with Almond Cream

No. 2
Combination Vegetable Salad
Pickled Grapes
Caraway Seed Rolls
Cream Cheese Omelette
Rhubarb and Orange Jelly

No. 3
Cream Cheese Salad
Minced Lamb and Bacon Patties on Apple Slices
Tomato and Onion Rings, Shredded Carrot, Parsley Potatoes
Honey Crumbed Apricots

No. 4
Tomato Juice Appetiser
Summer Grill Platter
Tossed Green Salad
Butterscotch Bananas with Chocolate Sauce

This is a delicious dinner sweet served hot or cold.

SUMMER GRILL PLATTER

Short loin chops or lamb cutlets, bacon rolls, pineapple slices, grated cheese, new potatoes, baby carrots, lemon and parsley butter balls, crisp green salad tossed in french dressing.

Trim chops and skewer into neat shapes and sear under a fiercely glowing griller or over red hot coals for one minute each side. Reduce heat and cook slowly for 4 minutes each side, being careful not to pierce the meat. Sprinkle pineapple slices with grated cheese and grill until lightly browned and hot. Cook potatoes and carrots and toss the potatoes in freshly-chopped mint and the carrots in hot buttered crumbs. Serve piping hot immediately after cooking with the lemon butter balls rolled in chopped parsley and crisp salad greens tossed in french dressing.

MINCED LAMB AND BACON PATTIES

One pound finely-minced meat (lamb), 2 or 3 bacon rashers chopped finely, 1 dessertspoon chutney, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon chopped mint, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, pepper and salt, 1 egg, brown breadcrumbs, sliced apples (soaked dried or fresh), seasoned flour.

Combine mincemeat, chopped bacon, chutney, onion, mint, herbs, white breadcrumbs and pepper and salt. Bind with half the egg and shape into patties. Dip in seasoned flour and brush with egg and cover firmly with fine brown crumb. Brush the apple slices with butter or bacon fat, and place a pat on each. Grill quickly for 1 minute on each side and then slowly for 5 minutes on each side. Slice a tomato thinly and place a thin slice of onion on each

tomato slice. Baste with a little fat from the grill pan and grill for 2 or 3 minutes. Serve hot with whole potatoes tossed in finely-chopped parsley and crisp uncooked shredded carrot.

CREAM CHEESE SALAD

Four ounces cream cheese, crisp lettuce leaves or cress, 2 or 3 thin slices of fresh or canned pineapple, 1 dessertspoon chopped mint, mint sprigs, 1 tablespoon french salad dressing.

Roll cheese into a long roll about 1 inch in diameter and sprinkle with chopped mint. Cut in slices. Toss lettuce leaves in a french dressing of salad oil and vinegar. Arrange on small plates 1 or 2 crisp lettuce leaves, 2 small wedges pineapple, 2 or 3 overlapping slices of minted cream cheese. Garnish with a mint sprig and serve as a dinner appetiser.

RHUBARB AND ORANGE JELLY

Two cups sweetened cooked rhubarb, juice of 1 orange, 1/3rd cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, fruity finger biscuits.

Soften gelatine in the water and then dissolve over boiling water. Stir in orange juice and add gelatine. Set in a wetted mould or small individual moulds. Serve with fruity finger biscuits.

BUTTERSOTCH BANANAS WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Six bananas, juice of half a lemon or orange, 1/3rd cup brown sugar, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 teaspoon lemon or orange rind, 1 cup chocolate sauce.

Make a syrup of the orange or lemon juice, butter and sugar and add the sliced bananas. Simmer for 2 or 3 minutes. Serve hot or chilled, topped with foamy chocolate sauce.



Miss Precious Minutes says:

WORRIED about silverfish, moths? Make pillow-slips from new unbleached calico. Pile in garments, blankets, stitch down. Use slips later.

If you're lucky you'll have a few passionfruit on your vine, that's if you've got a vine. Well, add the pulp of one or two to stewed fruit, banana custard. Gives pleasant flavor. With rockmelon it's superb.

NEVER use a damp cloth to open the oven or lift out hot dishes. Steam will form, either burn you or blur your vision, and spoil looks or temper.

ORDERED a loaf too much over the week-end? Stale on Monday, but why worry? Just paint it over with milk, place in a warm oven, bake 15 minutes. Enjoy it!

ONE match for a meal. I test myself each morning when cooking the family's breakfast. I light one jet with match and utilise match stick to light others when necessary.

A LITTLE LEMON JUICE helps to make an old foul tender when boiled. Saves fuel, improves flavor. Penny Singleton, Columbia star (left), sends this hint. Don't overdo the lemon.



START the day well with a gayly-set breakfast table. A pretty cloth, friendly flowers, colorful china (yellow is a happy choice) are uplift ingredients. Plan healthful, sustaining meals and spice them with variety.

Prize recipes you'll want to try!

JHIS list sounds very tempting, don't you think? Our cookery expert selected these recipes from a large batch of entries in this week's contest. Now send along your home-tested favorite. See it win you a prize!

Every week we give £1 for the best recipe received and 2/6 for all other recipes published on this page.

ORANGE PUDDING WITH ORANGE CURES

Cover one cup breadcrumbs with one pint milk and let stand until milk is absorbed, then add 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind 1 orange. Put into buttered baking dish and bake 1 hour in moderate oven. Remove from oven and pour over pudding the strained juice of 1 orange. Make meringue from egg-whites left over with 3 tablespoons sugar. Pile on top of pudding, return to oven to brown. Cool.

For the cubes, boil 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar, 3 dessertspoons gelatine for 20 minutes. Allow to cool. Add 1 cup orange juice and a squeeze lemon. Pour into a greased tin, allow to set. Cut into cubes and roll in icing sugar. Serve with the pudding.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. D. Mann, 88 Gaffney Lane, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

PUMPKIN FRUIT CAKE

Cream 1lb. butter and 1 cup sugar. Add 2 eggs and beat well, then add 1 cup of mashed pumpkin (cold), 2 cups flour, in which is sifted 1 teaspoon cream of tartar and 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, and 1 packet mixed fruit. Mix well. Line a cake tin with brown paper and bake in a moderate oven 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Sparkes, 45 Thorrold St., Woolloowin N.S., Brisbane.

Test these five on the family now.

They are so good!

1. Delicious orange pudding.
2. Pumpkin fruit cake.
3. Banana loaf.
4. Passionfruit syrup.
5. Summer pie delicacies.

BANANA LOAF

Three bananas, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 level teaspoon baking soda, 1 level teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup chopped nuts.

Mash bananas and beat well, then add sugar gradually and continue beating until sugar and bananas are well blended. Add egg and again beat well. Then add flour, salt, carb. soda and baking powder (sifted together). Stir in melted butter and nuts.

Turn mixture into greased loaf tin and bake in slow oven for 1 hour. Nuts may be omitted if desired.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Frank Coleman, Geomeri, Kingaroy Line, Qld.

PASSIONFRUIT SYRUP

Take pulp from 12 passionfruit, put into a large jug and add 2 teaspoons citric acid. Make a syrup with 2 cups sugar and 1 pint water, bring to boil, and pour over the pulp and acid. When cold, strain and bottle. Serve with cracked ice and dry ginger ale or iced water.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss N. Sparkes, 45 Thorrold St., Woolloowin N.S., Brisbane.

BASIC CREAM FILLING FOR PIES

Half-cup sugar, one-third cup cornflour or 1 flour, 2 cups milk, 3 egg-yolks, pinch salt, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 3 egg-whites.

Scald milk, mix sugar, cornflour, and salt with 1 cup of cold milk. Add to scalded milk and cook on low heat for 8-10 minutes.

Add egg-yolks and cook 2-3 minutes, add vanilla, cool. Pour into baked pie shell. Cover with meringue made of three egg-whites and six tablespoons of sugar. Bake in slow oven 10-13 minutes for soft meringue, or leave in a very slow oven until meringue is set crisp and pale brown in color.

Variations—Coconut Pie: Add 1 cup grated coconut.

Pineapple Pie: Add one cup shredded pineapple.

Chocolate Pie: Add two squares of grated chocolate.

Date Pie: Add one cup chopped dates.

Cherry and Walnut Pie: Add 1 cup chopped crystallized cherries and 1 cup walnuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. E. Sanders, Boatsharbour, via Lismore, N.S.W.



Patons
ARE PROUD OF IT...

A "super" garment in Super Fingering. It takes only 8 ozs., and the recipe is in Patons Speciality Knitting Book No. 145. Price 7d. from Woolshops, or 8½d. posted by the Makers.



Patons & Baldwins Ltd.
BOX 1686 M MELBOURNE OR. BOX 3718 SS SYDNEY



"But take a look at her today.
Rice Bubbles cleared those sulks away!"



Yes, indeed! These tasty bubbles of toasted rice are so beautifully crisp they crackle out loud when you pour milk on them. And don't kiddies go for them—they're fun to eat! Kellogg's Rice Bubbles are chockful of nourishment, and they're so easy on kiddies' digestions, you couldn't find a better breakfast. Get a packet in for breakfast tomorrow.

"Rice Bubbles" are utterly distinct from any other ready-eat cereal. Product and process are protected by Australian Letters Patent, Nos. 16524/28, 16525/28. "Rice Bubbles" is the trade mark of Kellogg's (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for oven-popped rice.

LENT SPECIAL



This delicious **Kraft**
Main Course
Dish!



**SERVES 4
PERSONS FOR
ONLY 3d. EACH**

KRAFT SWISS RING MOULD

**KRAFT ECONOMY BUDGET
MENU NO. 6**

**Soup
Swiss Ring Mould
Fresh Fruit, Coffee**

How To Make Swiss Ring Mould

Brown one small
chopped onion in one
tablespoon of butter in
saucepans. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful
of chopped tomatoes, and
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful cooked rice,
and cook until rice
absorbs all liquid. Add $\frac{1}{2}$
cupful of shredded Kraft
Cheese; salt and pepper
to taste. Mix until melted.
Pack in buttered ring
mould and keep hot. If
you haven't a ring mould
handy, press firmly in
sandwich tin, leaving hole
in centre to take scrambled
eggs. Scramble 4 eggs,
unmould ring on dish
and fill centre with
scrambled eggs. Garnish
with tomato and parsley.
Serves 4 persons at a cost
of only 3d. per person.

Recipe sent in by
Mrs. J. Cooper, C/o. Police Station, Central Tilba.

Here's a special Lenten dish that is
simply packed with the protein, vitamins,
milk minerals and the vital calcium you
and your family need — because Swiss
Ring Mould is made with Kraft Cheddar
Cheese. Remember, one 8-oz. packet of
Kraft Cheddar contains all the goodness
of 4 pints of rich, creamy milk. Kraft
Cheddar is pasteurised and foil-wrapped
— that's why it stays fresh, creamy and
delicious to the last mellow slice. Get an
8-oz. packet of Kraft Cheddar Cheese,
and give your family this delicious,
nourishing Lenten Main Course Dish.

*FANCY THAT!
4 PINTS OF RICH
MILK IN EVERY
8OZ. PACKET OF
KRAFT
CHEDDAR.*

*YES! I GIVE
MY CREAMIEST
MILK TO KRAFT*



KRAFT CHEDDAR CHEESE

—for tasty Main Course Dishes

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